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Next week

THE WINTER OLYMPICS at Grenoble began on Feb. 6. In a special 27-page section, 11 of which are in color, the Games are previewed, the teams profiled and the medalists picked.

DEAR PETE: Tex Maule writes an open letter to the commissioner of professional football. The game will become a bore, he says, unless Rozelle acts to restore parity among teams.

EVEL KNIEVEL says he is no daredevil, so his plan to jump the Grand Canyon on a motorcycle should be considered routine. Gil Kops writes of a high-flying, hard-crashing man.

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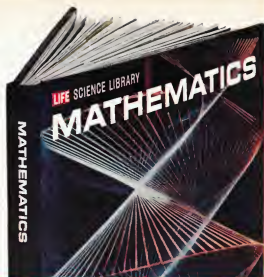
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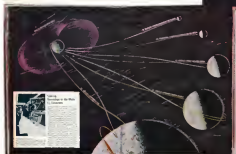
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FOOTLOOSE

Once famed only for borax and mules, Death Valley is blooming as a resort

"In the far desert there is peace and tranquility. One feels the force of the sun and the mysterious silence of the night. Under these high mountains lies buried much treasure, and great will be the recompense for those who will search for it with their labor."

When these sentences were carved in Spanish 40-odd years ago on a redwood ceiling at Scotty's Castle in Death Valley, Calif., the distinguishing feature of that locality was its signal lack of hospitality. Even today the climate of Death Valley, where summer temperatures reach 130°, is a challenge. The valley, which lies some 80 miles west of Las Vegas, is still rich in ores and in the chemical that gave it its first fame, but the old prospectors and their mules have all but disappeared. Today Death Valley, of all places, has become a fashionable winter resort.

From November through March it turns into a haven for people who stream in by bus, car and plane to get away from winter and winter's sports. Activities are centered at Furnace Creek Inn, a luxurious hotel nestling on a cream-colored mountain, with balconies facing the vast salt flat and the snow-capped Panamint mountains. Its rooms, priced at \$27 a night for one, all meals included, need no air conditioning. Daytime temperatures during the season are a comfortable 65 to 75°. But at night, when temperatures outside drop some 30°, the rooms are heated. Ties and jackets are compulsory for men in the elegant dining room but not in the Oasis bar, which has walls of sparkling borax crystals and a hand-carved redwood ceiling.

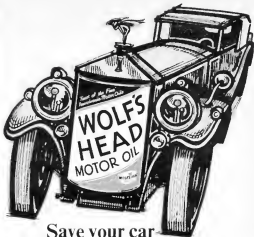
A terraced garden with manicured lawns, bustling brooks, tall date palms, pomegranate trees and graceful tamarisks descends from the inn, as unreal as a mirage in contrast to the surrounding dust. An 80-by-20-foot swimming pool is fed by the warm water of Furnace Creek.

The inn was built in 1926 on the road from Death Valley Junction to Lone Pine by Pacific Coast Borax, then a British company that wanted to offer its visiting executives accommodations as luxurious as any they could find at home. Twelve years ago it was leased by the company whose restaurants and dining cars made the Harvey Girls famous all along the route of the Santa Fe Railroad.

One mile from the inn, almost on the edge of the salt crust, is another Fred Harvey property, a one-time cattle ranch that is now a motel. Some of its cabins, which can be had for \$10 a night, were brought all the way from Boulder Dam, where they had served as accommodations for the workers. A magnificent date-palm orchard adjoins

continued

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FOOTLOOSE *continued*

its lush green nine-hole golf course, and golfers find an extra hazard in the coyotes that chase mud hens into its water holes.

The ranch itself is a museum. A 20-mule-team wagon train, which consists of two ore wagons and a water wagon, recalls harrowing trips in the 1890s when borax was hauled 165 miles from Death Valley to Mojave in 10 days. There is also a shiny black locomotive of the "Death Valley railroad" that was used to transport borax from the mines at Ryan to Death Valley Junction from 1914 to 1928.

Horses and mules can be rented for guided desert rides, and the horses are quite used to carrying beautiful ladies attired in colorful stretch pants and knee-high golden boots. People don't go to Death Valley to fight the elements these days. Why do people go there at all? There are other places to play golf or ride horses. Yet at Death Valley there are sights that must rate among the great wonders on earth. There are mysterious canyons in the layer-cake mountains and a natural bridge, as solemn and insulating as a Gothic cathedral. A road stretches into the salt flat to Devil's Golf Course, where mud, gravel and salt have formed a strange broken crust. Two inches of salty water called "Bad Water," because the mules of the early prospectors would not drink it, cover the lowest point in the Western Hemisphere, 280 feet below sea level. A small pool mirrors the distant peaks of the Panamints.

And then there is the fantastic combination of Moorish, Spanish, Italian and California mission architecture known as Scotty's Castle, which was built by an overgenerous millionaire for an unpredictable prospector to whom he had taken a fancy. Now the property of a foundation, it boasts hand-carved beams and hand-wrought iron chandeliers made by craftsmen from Austria. Its furniture and rugs came mostly from Italy and Spain. A warm-water spring leads right into the living room, where it turns into a fountain amidst a grotto of jasper stones.

The castle was built in 1924 at a cost of some \$2 million by Chicagoan Albert M. Johnson as a gift for his friend Walter Perry Scott, whose ability to find and squander fortunes almost overnight and to tell tall tales about them afterward apparently enchanted the city man. Whether Johnson believed Scott's promise that the pure desert air would cure his failing health or whether he thought he might repay the gift out of the gold Scott swore was lurking in the ground nearby will never be known. Whatever the reason, the castle still stands (Scott died 13 years ago) to prove to anyone interested that one can find fun as well as a fortune in the once forbidding soil of Death Valley.

—ANITA VERSCHOTER

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SELF-INMOLATION

The ever-smoldering feud between the AAU and the NCAA is sending up ugly puffs of smoke once again, and as usual the signals spell T-R-O-U-B-L-E—at least for the innocent bystander, who, in this case, happens to be the athletes involved. The U.S. Track and Field Federation, an affiliate of the NCAA, is sponsoring a meet in Madison Square Garden on Feb. 9, and since a few non-college runners are on the entry list, the AAU insists that the meet must have its sanction. The AAU would give the sanction if asked, but the NCAA won't ask. So the AAU has warned that all athletes who take part in the meet will be barred from future international competition, including the Olympic Games. Jim Ryun, favored to become the first American in 60 years to win the Olympics' prize plum, the 1,500 meters, is scheduled to run in the Garden.

It is inconceivable that Ryun could thus be barred from the Olympics. But innocents have been trampled before in a bureaucratic tug-of-war, so perhaps it is not all that inconceivable that the best young runner in the world may never get to Mexico City. If this happens, the AAU, regardless of the merits or demerits of its stand, is going to look downright paranoid. So is the NCAA. So, for that matter, is Uncle Sam.

AT BAT

A number of major leaguers—among them John Roseboro of the Minnesota Twins and Lou Johnson of the Chicago Cubs—are endorsing and expect to use a new bat called the Watts Walloper, which is being produced by the Green Power Foundation in the Watts area of Los Angeles. The foundation, which started the project to provide jobs for unemployed Negroes, set up a workshop last month in an abandoned telephone-company building. It began with one wood-turning lathe and eight employees, but by May the company is expected to be employing 350 men and

manufacturing 1,000 Wallopers a day.

Since existing bat manufacturers have a corner on the white-ash farms in the Appalachians, the foundation is using tan oak from northern California for its new product. The wood is hardened by chemicals, and the bats are finished in an aerospace material that makes them difficult to break.

COLO COMFORT

Dallas Cowboy fans are not ready to relinquish the National Football League title, supposedly decided in Green Bay on December 31 at a temperature of 13° below zero. One group of Cowboy followers claims to have obtained the official NFL watch used in the game and subjected it to the temperatures prevailing in Green Bay. Their conclusion: the game should have ended 123 seconds earlier because the prevailing frigid conditions slowed down the mechanism. Ergo, Dallas won, 17-14.

GENERATION GAP

It may now be said that the Turn-on, Tune-in and Drop-out Movement has reached frightening proportions. Students at Duquesne University—a segment of them, at any rate—have dropped out of the Pepsi Generation.

Pepsi-Cola sponsored Duquesne basketball broadcasts over Pittsburgh's KDKA-Radio the past four seasons, but then decided to spend its advertising dollars elsewhere. For one thing, the Dukes won only seven of their 15 games last season, for another, the university wanted to increase the price of broadcast rights. No sponsor moved into the breach left by Pepsi.

Indignantly, and in all seriousness, Duquesne's Student Congress urged the student body to boycott Pepsi and demanded the soft drink be removed from the cafeteria and from campus vending machines. DRINK MILK, commanded a sign on the Student Congress office window. "Students UNITE and drink coffee, tea or milk until the Pepsi company

gets the message," cried a letter to the editor of the school newspaper.

Happily the Dukes have become a winning team (their record so far this season is 11-2) and—who knows?—may again attract a sponsor. In the meantime Pepsi is waiting, and things go better with . . .

UNBENEVOLENT ELK

A bull elk in Arizona's Oak Creek Canyon recently found his escape route blocked by a Volkswagen. Annoyed, he butted the car, ripped through a door and window and gored the driver in the chest, breaking two ribs and puncturing his lung. The elk, having conquered the obstacle, went his way. What the canyon needs is a sign. BEWARE, CROSS ELK CROSSING.

GIANTESQUE

If Nerman-Marcus could sell his and her camels at Christmas, surely there is a market somewhere for a 15', six-ton statue of Y. A. Tittle. However, Don Seiler of Miami hasn't found it yet.

Seiler is a sculptor who has spent the last 16 months constructing the monstrous statue (*below*) in his backyard. "I thought the heroism of Tittle would live forever," he says. He has written to



Tittle, the Orange Bowl committee, the Miami Dolphins and Tittle's old team, the N.Y. Giants, but has had no success passing off his work. The Dolphins showed interest until they learned that the bill for transportation to their downtown office would be \$1,500. When weeds began to sprout around Y. A.'s feet, Seiler called in a wrecker. He was told it

continued

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would cost \$350 to destroy the statue, so Seiler scrapped that idea. But he has something else in mind—a new work depicting the Dallas or Green Bay players shivering in the sub-zero weather at the NFL championship game. It seems likely that Miami will soon have a National Backyard Football Museum.

NOT FOR THE MASSES

Since the 1920s, when the Nizam of Hyderabad would arrive for his winter vacations with 500 trunk and a personal cook who would sprinkle gold dust on the rice before serving his master's curry, St. Moritz has been the winter place of the rich and titled. Onassis, Nourchios, the Fords, the Rothschilds and the Thyssens have been sporting there recently, but this season the rarefied atmosphere was clouded. Two of the resort's four luxury hotels—the Kulm and the Carlton—were up for sale, and rumor had it that France's Club Méditerranée, which deals in mass tourism, was negotiating to buy them for something like \$5 million. The elite, and the dressmakers and jewelers who supply their truffles, talked of moving elsewhere, and all was gloom on the mountain of gold. But last week a Zurich entrepreneur, Karl Steiner, and several esteemed Swiss banks purchased the hotels and announced they would maintain the exclusive character of the resort. The dressmakers and jewelers relaxed.

A WORKOUT

Two weeks ago Johnny Callison, the Phillie outfielder, arrived in Wakefield, Mass. for some special training with Gene Berde, the 63-year-old Hungarian conditioning expert who primed Carl Yastrzemski for last season. When Callison showed up in the local gym the first morning he found Berde scaling a 20-foot rope and touching the ceiling with his toes. A TV cameraman was recording the feat, and newspaper reporters were taking note of it. "Now you do it," Berde ordered Callison.

"You'll never know how self-conscious I was," the outfielder said later. "I'd never climbed a rope before in my life. But I certainly didn't want to embarrass myself in front of all those people." He made it to the ceiling.

After a week of similar exercises, Callison was saying, "I feel so good it's hard to explain. They tell me Yaz felt the same way."

Callison hit .261 with 14 home runs last year. Now if he can only hit .326, hit 44 homers and . . .

DOVE!

In an election at the University of California students voted Jeff Sokal head yell leader. Sokal ran on a "peace" ticket, and his campaign literature showed him in front of anwar half-time card stunts.

F-P-F-FOR!

The Lake George (N.Y.) Chamber of Commerce has announced that it is holding the First Annual Polar Icecap Open Golf Tournament at, or rather on, Lake George, February 3 and 4. Since the ice on the lake is blue-white, a vegetable dye will be used for greens. Golf balls will be painted iridescent orange for visibility and will be warmed to make sure they will not break into bits when hit. Heated clubs, however, are forbidden. Snowshoes are permitted as well as skis and skates. Huskies have been suggested as caddies; golfers may also use polar bears, if they are muzzled. A birdie will be considered a penguin and an eagle a snow goose. Cups are to be bored several inches deep into the ice. The only thing the Lake George course seems to lack is any kind of water hazard.

DEBATE

The death of hockey's Bill Masterton in a game last week again focuses attention on one of the most delicate and troubling of sports questions: how safe is safe enough? The immediate result has been a debate about whether pro hockey players should wear helmets. Masterton, 29, a center for the Minnesota North Stars, fell backward on the ice and suffered a skull fracture.

He had been shaken up in a game two weeks before, had complained of headaches (to teammates but not to a physician or his coach) and may well have blacked out in the fatal game, falling in an unusual way for no apparent reason. Had he worn a helmet, as players often do after concussions, he would have been protected.

Shocked by Masterton's death, the first fatality in the NHL's 51 years, several players are talking of wearing helmets voluntarily. "We should all be wearing them," says Chicago's Bobby Hull, "but we're just too damn vain." His teammate Stan Mikita says he will

begin wearing one as soon as he can design a helmet that will not interfere with his play. The ones now available are uncomfortable and hot.

Some players, however, will not wear them unless forced to. Pittsburgh's Ken Schinkel explains, "The player who wears one has always been looked on as a kind of outsider."

Bobby Rousseau of Montreal, who used a helmet last season, discarded it this year and attained greater scoring proficiency, says paradoxically, "I don't think I'd wear a helmet again, if the decision were left to me. With one on, you sometimes are unable to sense things behind you. But it should be a rule."

Another argument used against mandatory helmets is that they would take away the "personality" of individual players, though this has not proved to be the case in football or in baseball, a sport that took 50 years to make the batting helmet standard equipment. Their use would, however, radically alter the look of the game.

Statistics indicate that only a small percentage of pro hockey players receive permanently disabling injuries—in an exceedingly rough game. Perhaps mandatory helmets are not necessary, but it would be wise for the NHL to sponsor an intensive research program to develop an ideal lightweight helmet that players can use if they choose.

THEY SAID IT

• Don Chaney, Houston Cougar forward, recalling the days when he used to wear out the grass in his backyard practicing basketball: "If my mother had things for me to do, she'd just wear down the yard while I was in school."

• Roone Arledge, executive producer of ABC sports, on a game last season when the Giants' Willie McCovey stole a base: "I was thinking of a slow motion replay. On second thought, I decided it would be redundant."

• Johnny Kerr, former 6'9" pivotman and now the coach of the Chicago Bulls, when asked by a woman if he was a basketball player: "No, ma'am, I'm a jockey for a dinosaur."

• Parnelli Jones on the design of his racing cars: "I always seem to end up driving ones that look like their owners. I used to drive for J. C. Agajanian. His cars always had a long, shiny nose. Now that I'm driving for Andy Granatelli, my car has a bug, fat belly." **END**



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A DANDY IN THE DOME

This season's best college basketball game was played before the sport's largest audience—watching (right) at the Astrodome, televising in 49 states—as Houston became the nation's top team, beating UCLA **by JOE JARES**

When UCLA recruited Lew Alcindor and a courtload of other basketball players whose skills had won them schoolboy glory, it was generally assumed that the Bruins would shoot and rebound and full-court-press their way to a hundred or so consecutive victories. Easy. It seemed a shame they had to serve a freshman apprenticeship and then play three varsity seasons when the NCAA could just hand over three championship trophies, let the fellows turn pro and save the rest of the teams a lot of grief. The Alcindor-led group, to nobody's surprise, went unbeaten as freshmen and once even mangled the varsity by 15 points. Packing their new campus arena as sophomores (with junior Mike Warren added), they ran through 30 victories to a national title, and this season they upped that streak to 47—until last Saturday night, when the dream of perfection was ruined.

At least UCLA lost in style. Before the largest crowd ever to see a basketball game in the U.S. (52,693), in Houston's famous Astrodome and before the biggest television audience in the history of the sport (150 stations in 49 states), the University of Houston's Big E, 6' 8" senior Elvin Hayes (*see cover*), hit 68% of his shots, scored 39 points, took 15 rebounds and made the two deciding free throws to beat the Bruins 71-69.

It was not a matter of the Cougars sneaking up on UCLA. UCLA was ranked first in both wire-service polls,

but Houston was ranked second and had won 48 straight games at home. The Cougars had won 17 in a row since losing to UCLA in last year's NCAA semifinal, and Hayes was the third leading scorer in the nation and certainly no stranger. The city of Houston was all twitter about the confrontation, to the point that one radio station kept listeners up to date with "KTHT Run-the-Bruins time is five-oh-four." The manager of UCLA's motel provided a 10-foot bed with "Big Lew" printed in large letters at the foot.

By the time over-the-counter ticket sales started in mid-December, 40,000 had already been sold by mail and more than 150 had been given away to promising high school football players—just to prove that Texans still love football best. "I've had calls from people all over the country wanting to fly in for the game," said Dome Ticket Manager Dick McDowell. "We've had calls from Mexico City, Chicago and San Francisco. If we hadn't run out we would have sold 75,000 tickets, no doubt about it."

The best preparation Houston Coach Guy V. Lewis could make was to keep the Big E healthy, and he knew it. Earlier in the season, Hayes was asked by a teammate to be best man at his wedding. "That doesn't surprise me a bit," said Lewis. "He's been my best man for three years."

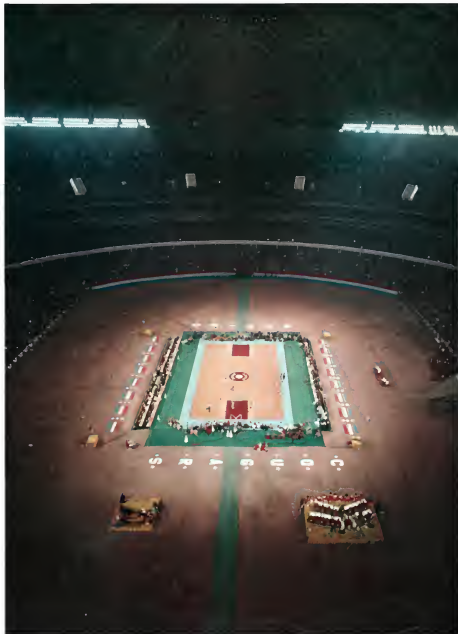
But just in case Elvin wasn't going to be enough, Guy V. took some other

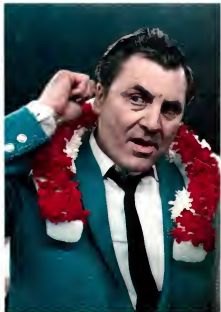
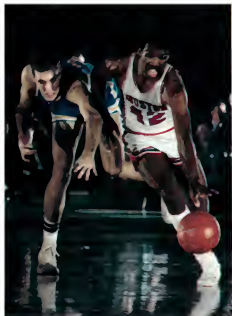
precautions, like working diligently against a full-court press and being sure not to wear the pink-and-white-checked sport coat he wore against the Bruins in the NCAA loss. He wore a turquoise-and-black-checked jacket instead. All season at home games Houston had sat on the left side of the scorer, and that's how the Astrodome seating plan was made. Then Guy V. remembered the Cougars had sat on the left side in the NCAA loss, and he made his sports publicist switch the seating. UCLA sat on the left Saturday night and also was brought into the Astrodome through gate 13 for its Friday workout.

Several weeks before the game a Cougar booster named Joe Thompson, who had given a season's-end chicken dinner for the team for 11 years, phoned Guy and said he wanted to have the 12th annual dinner a little earlier than usual, on the Sunday before UCLA invaded. Lewis wasn't very interested until Thompson reminded him that Houston had never lost a game following the dinner. "You talked me into it," said Lewis.

No superstitious gimmicks were really needed with Hayes around. He completely outplayed Alcindor, but it should be noted that Lew had suffered a scratched left eyeball in the previous Friday night's game against Cal. Alcindor did not play in subsequent wins over Stanford and Portland. He wore an eyepatch and stayed in bed part of the week, and the inactivity no doubt affected his play.

continued





He made only four of 18 shots and UCLA Coach John Wooden could not remember his having shot less than 50% before. It was one of the least impressive performances in Alcindor's college career and it was too bad it came before an audience that stretched, through TV cables anyway, to Fairbanks, Alaska.

Houston stayed in a zone defense throughout the game, although the man in the middle was free to stay glued to Alcindor. It worked pretty well—partly, of course, because of Lew's poor marksmanship. UCLA's defense, on the other hand, could not cope with Hayes in the first half. Edgar Lacey tried, then Lew, then Mike Lynn, all to no avail. Elvin pumped in 29 points, and every time he got the ball the crowd started chanting, "E, E, E," until it sounded like one long "EEEE." When a Hayes shot went in, the monstrous Astrodome message board would flash a big E two stories high.

Still, at half time, Houston led only 46-43, mostly because UCLA's press forced a few turnovers and Bruin Guard Lucius Allen was shooting well. Meanwhile, way up in the \$2 yellow-seat section, an interplanetary distance from the floor, a happy Cougar fan said, "I can't see what's going on, but I don't care, if Houston wins." Another said, "With my binocs I can see the pompon girls O.K., but the ball moves too fast to follow the action."

He missed plenty of action in the second half. Hayes blocked two shots in a row (one by Lew), hit a jump shot and made Mike Lynn commit his fourth foul—all in the first few minutes. But UCLA started double-teaming him and he added only 10 points to his first-half total. A relatively unknown junior named Jim Nielsen came in for Lynn and, with aid, cooled off the Big E.

UCLA, which had been down by as much as nine points in the first half, battled back in the second to tie it at 54, and from then on it was a dogfight, or whatever kind of fight it is when Cougars and Bruins meet in the wild. An Alcindor free throw made it 65—all with

3:02 left, and two Lucius Allen free throws made it 69—all. Nielsen fouled Hayes with 28 seconds left, which could have been a disaster for Houston because the Big E was shooting a horrid 60% from the free-throw line going into the game. But he put in both shots for a two-point lead.

UCLA had a pass intercepted, got the ball back because of a Cougar traveling violation and lost it again out of bounds with 12 seconds left. Time out. Coach Lew's instructions were to throw it high to the Big E and let him hold it a while, which is just what happened. He held it, then dribbled around like a Globetrotter and passed as the buzzer sounded. If the scoreboard had exploded or the Dome had caved in, few people would have paid attention because immediately it appeared that the entire city of Houston was having an impromptu jamboree at center court, with Hayes the focus. Basketball's debut in the Astrodome was a howling success, at least to Texans.

Disgusting the Dorned Stadium as a basketball arena for the big game was the job of Jack O'Connell, vice-president in charge of special events, who at the same time had to get the next-door exhibition hall ready for the world's biggest boat show, starting at noon the day of the game. Since a basketball does not bounce very well on Astrourf, the first problem was to find a portable court. O'Connell finally settled on the floor at the Sports Arena in Los Angeles, which was loaned at no charge. But the 225-panel court weighs close to 18 tons and cost about \$10,000 to transport, round trip, by truck. It was jigsaw-puzzled together by Wednesday night and tested by Guy Lewis, who dribbled a ball all over it and found no dead spots. As coach of a team that often cuts short its practices at various small gyms to make way for girls' volleyball teams, Lewis must have had a feeling of power as he bounced the ball before those thousands of seats—and took his time about it.

The nearest seats, plush red ones priced at \$5, were more than 100 feet from courtside. No seats were on the dirt floor of the stadium, and, to avoid blocking anybody's view, chairs for press, players and officials were placed in 18-inch-deep trenches on either side of the court. The Astrodome very neatly became the first place in the world where a player lost a rebound in the

lights. O'Connell originally had 1,700 lamps, of 1,500 watts each, trained on the court, but Houston players, after working out at the Dome on Thursday night, asked that the lights at each end be turned off. The remaining 1,400 lamps, blasting down from the rim of the stadium on each side, still gave off plenty of light—and heat.

There were other problems besides the sunlamps, such as the overlong trot to the dressing rooms. O'Connell almost forgot to get a buzzer, but he had the scene set in time, and what a scene it was. There were three bands, with two sets of pompon girls anxious to dance every number. There was a student dressed up like a bruin, another dressed like a female bruin, another dressed like a cougar and then a real-live cougar named Shasta. In the press pit there were a scout from the Harlem Globetrotters and writers from Cocoa, Fla., Pittsburgh, Mexico City and Conroe, Texas. The U.S. Information Agency was there to film a five-minute TV show to be seen in 33 countries.

If the atmosphere was carnival, it was just right for Judge Roy Hofheinz, the majordomo of the Dome and the man who owns Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus. Why, when the judge first thought of basketball in the Astrodome, he envisioned three games going on at once. The judge wants to host an NCAA tournament soon, and there was an NCAA committee on hand Saturday to watch the proceedings. Hopefully, the members will report that, while the Dome is an exciting and lucrative place and the glare problem can be solved, basketball is not a game to be watched through binoculars.

In the locker rooms after the upset the game itself took precedence over the pros and cons of the Dome. Guy Lewis called Hayes's first-half heroics "the greatest I've ever seen in college basketball." The Big E explained his game-ending dribbling by saying, "Some things come natural." And over in the subdued UCLA quarters Coach Wooden was free with praise of Elvin. But, when goaded, he said he would not trade Alcindor for two Hayeses.

Lucius Allen was thinking of a possible rematch come March in the NCAA tournament, on this very same floor back in the Sports Arena. "I hope they come to L.A. undefeated," said Allen. "That would be very nice." **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRANT AND NEIL LEHR

Houston surprised UCLA with Aussie and ball handling of George Reynolds (top, left) and defense of Ken Spain, here battling Lew for ball. After victory the Big E gets a ride and Coach Lewis wears wrath over lucky coat.

NECK AND NECK AT KITZBÜHEL

After last weekend's Hahnenkamm, the Olympics begin to look like a horse race. Austria's Nennung won another downhill. Switzerland's Giovanoli another slalom, and Jean-Claude Killy leaped back to form by **DAN JENKINS**

With Jean-Claude Killy getting publicly charged in a paternity suit, with Karl Schranz resorting to psych tricks on the other racers, with Austria's Gerhard Nennung and Switzerland's Dumeng Giovanoli proving they were not hallucinations after all, and with film stars Rock Hudson and Claudia Cardinale swirling through the discothèques of intriguing Kitzbühel while the local movie house featured local boy Toni Sailer in something entitled *Der Grosse Glück*, it seemed that the whole world of Alpine ski racing had fallen out of its tree on the eve of the Winter Olympics.

All of this was amplified by the fact that this was the week of the Hahnenkamm, skiing's equivalent of the Masters. And it is not likely that there will be another Hahnenkamm like this one until a few winters have passed. After some warmup races on other alps where the results looked suspect and certainly inconclusive, Kitzbühel was where the world's premier racers really got serious, and where national pride almost got the best of everyone. It was where Killy certainly spent the most testing week of his career, regaining the World Cup lead, and also where Nennung and Giovanoli, who were thought to be doing it with mirrors a few days before, convinced the world that they deserve to be considered as big favorites in Grenoble along with Killy.

On a sunny but cold Saturday, with the course lined with everything from full-length minks to glued-on stretch suits, Nennung careened down the fastest, steepest downhill in Europe right behind Killy and bent the Frenchman by half a second in a wonderfully exciting race. It was Nennung's second straight big downhill win.

A total of 12 racers had preceded them on the start list, and America's Billy Kidd was in a handsome second place behind

France's Bernard Orcel. It was obvious that this was a course for the best skiers only—an icy, fast trail featuring a dangerous drop called the mousefall, some demanding turns, and a final schuss-hump-schuss where a device had been clocking the athletes at 78 mph.

When it is announced that Killy is on a course, there is always a murmur in the crowd. This time, there were some who had to wonder how he was going to react to all of the intrigue of the previous days in Kitzbühel. For one thing, three days before the race Killy himself had pulled a nifty an effort to psych the other racers. Slipping onto the mountain ahead of everyone the day practice opened, he took a couple of warmup runs. When he got back to the top of the course, ostensibly for his first practice span, all of the other racers from 22 different countries were standing around, including Nennung and Schranz, wonder-

ing how difficult the Hahnenkamm would be this year.

Killy quickly brushed past everyone, mumbled something like, "What are we waiting for?" and practically nose-dived down the mountain, almost as if he could handle it on tennis shoes. He was out of sight in seconds, and the other racers were talking about it for hours.

Later on in the week, Schranz, who has probably won more races over the last 10 years than anyone in history, decided he would try a psych of his own. Austrian psych tricks are not as clever as French ones, however. What Schranz did was get on a *télébrague* with Killy and Billy Kidd, among others, and start talking about something racers never discuss when they are preparing to make a run—crashing. "It was the worst fall I've ever seen," Karl was saying. "He went over and over and over, and it was just terrible. I didn't



Killy skied the downhill beautifully, beating all the racers going before him by two seconds.

think he would live. He must have fallen half a mile down the piste. It shows you how dangerous it can be here."

Killy stood listening without expression, but Kidd couldn't hide a grin. Schranz was trying to tell Killy that one of his French teammates, Pierre Stamos, was practically killed by a tumble he had just taken. Killy and Kidd knew better. They had seen Stamos finish standing up. As it turned out, he had not actually fallen but had only sat back, and down, and recovered.

If Killy could survive Karl's efforts to unnervise him, no one could be sure how he would survive his next episode. The night before the downhill, two attorneys and a policeman entered his room at the Pension Reusch, demanded \$1,300 child support for a local girl who has been claiming that her five-year-old daughter is Killy's. There is something about Austrian law which says the police have to confiscate some property in order to bring suit, so Killy's intruders carefully managed to leave his skis and took a toilet kit.

Well, now, none of this helped improve relations between France and Austria, whose normal relations—strained—are not particularly helped by the fact that the two nations are the major competitors anyhow for domination of the ski world. The French hurled blame at "Austrian scandal sheets" but Killy himself was not all that bothered; it has happened before, only out of print.

Said French Coach Honoré Bonnet, "Since he has been a star, they have got after him here. Killy is not the father. He has been suing an Austrian paper for starting the rumor in the first place."

And to this a close friend of Killy's father added, "If it were true, would he keep coming back to Kitzbühel?"

Even if any of this was on his mind, Jean-Claude raced the downhill exquisitely. When he flashed into view he was nearly two seconds ahead of everyone on the intermediate clock. And as he crossed the finish he was crushed by dozens of the same reporters and spectators who had been searching for Claudia Cardinale all week. They didn't stay long. In a couple of minutes the public address announcer began laying on a lot of *Arf-arf* and screaming that Nen-

ning was heading home faster than Killy.

And here came Nenning. He bent into a deep tuck and rocked up and down, squeezing his skis against the snow, and the eyes of the thousands had to switch from Nenning to the clock and back to Nenning, and finally to the clock where he was that half second better. He finished amid a massive chorus of something which sounds like a prolonged "Oh" and passes for an Austrian cheer.

Later, Killy conceded that he had raced well but that Nenning was "fantastic." Said Jean-Claude, "Nenning has the confidence now."

In Sunday's slalom, Nenning fell early in the first run and Killy almost did, slipping outside the track, then slipping backwards and getting into a position that perhaps no other racer could have recovered from. But Killy did and finished the course. Dumeng Giovanoli had a smooth first run, however, and a solid lead on Killy. In the second run, he steamed down with another smoothie and locked up his second straight slalom victory. Killy made a strong effort but was too far behind to catch a good man and wound up third behind Karl Schranz. Still, he won the Hahnenkamm combined championship with his second and third places and also

took over the World Cup lead with 80 points to Giovanoli's 77, and Nenning's 64, through the two downhills, two slaloms and two giant slaloms that have been run on the World Cup schedule. So now the last big weekend before Grenoble was over. Killy seemed pleased that he had recovered from a dismal showing in Switzerland. "I have been paying for a Christmas layoff, but I feel better," he said.

Almost everybody was happy. The Austrians had Nenning and Schranz up there big in the World Cup standings, a youngster named Alfred Matt was continuing to sparkle in slalom, and their two splendid girls, Gertrud Gabl and Olga Pall, were still winning more regularly than any French girl. It seemed as if Austria had fully recovered from two bad years. The Swiss, in turn, were hardly the disappointments in icy Kitzbühel that other teams thought they would be. They placed three men in the top 10 in the downhill, and Giovanoli was spectacular.

Even the Americans were pleased. Kidd, not yet pressing for speed, wound up sixth in the downhill. After being sidelined by injuries for a full year, he was hanging in there in sixth place in the overall World Cup standings and getting better all the time.

END



But right after the Frenchman came Gerhard Nenning, who beat out Killy by half a second.



An 18-year-old figure skater from Montana put on a show in Philadelphia last week that wowed the crowd, shook up the judges and gave the world warning that it had better keep an eye on the U.S. at Grenoble by BOB OTTUM

BOLD BOURKEY FOR JOHN MISHA

A little bit of Vince Lombardi is all right, but what this country really needs now and then is a culturally jazzy event like the U.S. Figure Skating Championships, which were held last weekend in Philadelphia. The best of America's most esoteric group of athletes got together and fought it out on the far fringes of sport, and after a season full of the crack of helmets against kidney pads it was a refreshing change. Let's hear it for competitors with guts enough to take on all comers to the tune of something like the *Grand Pas Classique*.

There they were, bounding around, whirling, slashing, flying off the ice into the rafters of the Spectrum, maybe the only athletes in the world who suit up in sequins, spangles and stretch suits. When it was all over on Sunday night 12 survivors of the 138 in the competition got their reward: the chance to repre-

sent the U.S. in Olympic figure skating at Grenoble next month.

Beyond that, after the last Lutz had been attempted and the final triple Salchow attempted, the championships had produced an astonishing variety of happenings. 1) an Olympic veteran had been forcefully retired by a cyclonic young skater, just like in those old Sonja Henie movies; 2) a record total of 54,678 people whooped it up during the four days of competition—there was a nearly packed house of 14,216 on Saturday night; and 3) the U.S. team suddenly found itself with surprising depth it had never had before.

"The thing is," said Gary Visconti, the defending national champion, who fell to second place in Philadelphia but still won a ticket to France, "that now the Europeans won't know who to watch out for. We've been sending teams

with only one or two strong members, but now, boy, we've got a crew where they'll have to watch all of us, because any one of us could sneak off with the whole thing."

Visconti is right. The U.S. has put together an all-star team that will bear close watching. The women will be headed by Peggy Fleming, and anyone who wouldn't watch Peggy is out of his mind, anyway. Behind Peggy are Albertina Noyes and a 14-year-old sprite from Rockford, Ill. named Janet Lynn, and either of them could stop the Olympic show. As for the men, Visconti was edged out of his championship by a supple youngster named Tim Wood, who has been after him for years. And in the struggle for the third and last spot in the men's group, former Olympian and National Champion Scott Ethan Allen was sent down to the farm team—which

means the anticlimactic world championships to be held after the Olympics—by a kid from Montana who was the hit of the show. He is a blond 18-year-old who skates with three names and all the cool of a guy who knows he is not going to fall down and shatter. John Misha Petkevich moved up from the fourth-place ranking he had held after the school figures to dominate the free skating, win a surprising third overall and beat out Allen for a place on the Olympic squad. Lest you are not properly impressed, what he did was roughly equivalent to catching and passing Jim Ryan in the homestretch.

Why? Well, figure skating operates on a competitive point system. Under the system, before a gifted skater can haul off and take his competitors apart he must first go through a compulsory series of skating maneuvers known as school figures, which seem designed to prove that he can distinguish the inside edge of a skate blade from the outside edge. Figure skating places an inordinate amount of emphasis on this sort of silly warmup—it counts 60% toward the final score—and it takes precedence over skating freestyle, even though freestyle is what the game is really all about, no matter what the purists tell you. The result of this archaic system is that a good free skater who is bored by the school figures can come out of the preliminaries hopelessly behind, while a fair free skater who is good at compulsory routines can rack up a fierce lead before the finals.

Which brings us back to John Misha Petkevich. Going into Saturday afternoon he had finished his school figures with 70.72 points, 22 ordinands and no chances, a score to which you need pay no attention. The only thing you should know is that Petkevich was fourth. To move past the talented Scott Allen into third place, he had to stage an impossible performance. And he did.

Petkevich is 5' 8" and 150 pounds of spring steel and surprises. "I was nervous about this thing all day," he said. "I had planned to try this triple flip about midway in my routine, see? But then I pulled a muscle in my leg, and I decided I better not do it for. So I gave them everything else I had. And suddenly, about three quarters of the way through, I knew I had them, and I just sort of said, 'Thanks, God, for letting

me win,' and went right on skating."

Who needs triple flips? Petkevich came off the ice in one flying thing he calls the Bourkey, after his coach—a jump in which he kicks sideways, whirls, arches and generally hangs around up in the air long enough to wash out a pair of sweat socks. He added some snazzy Salchows, lots of Lutz jumps and a flying split jump that covered half the distance to Pittsburgh. His performance left the old figure-skating pros in tears, though old figure-skating pros have a marked tendency to cry pretty easily. Even so, when it was all over, the audience—not completely sure what it had seen but positive that whatever it was it was historic—gave him a standing ovation. Figure-skating judges make up the far-right wing of sports, but for all their tendencies to be conservative they went slightly wild, too. Four of the judges gave Petkevich 5.9 points, and one gave him a perfect 6, which no American man has received since 1964. Coach Arthur Bourke (whose jump now will become the most widely copied move in figure skating) gave John Misha a bear hug that was harder than anything else the kid had been through all day.

Petkevich has been coming on unnoticed for years. He won the free-skating event at the pre-Olympics last year in Grenoble (after placing 14th in the school figures), but everyone made the mistake of assuming that it meant little, because not all of skating's hot shots were entered. Petkevich, who has been at this game since he was 2 years old, figured it was time to attack. He did some obligatory work on the compulsory stuff and rebuilt his free-skating routine around *Expo 84*—bullfightish music filled with rhythmic, staccato guitars and castanets. He began to work on the secret jumps and, he adds, "that triple flip goes back in for Grenoble."

He was a tough act to follow. Tim Wood, who is more of a perfectionist than a dazzling performer, had come into the finals well up on school points and moved calmly through his free-skating routine to take first place overall. Visconti, who specializes in grandstand finishes, staged the next-best show of the meet with his free-skating routine, including one triple something that started out as a Salchow and ended up in a three-turns-and-a-flashing-smile, as though he had planned it that way all

along. Visconti is the Fran Tarkenton of skating. He brings an element of un-pasteurized excitement to the sport. For one thing, he has courage to claim that he weighs 120 pounds, which is patently impossible; he is so small that if he were a sports car his roll center would be three feet underground. Yet he shrugs off his flamboyant style. "What the hell else can I do?" he says. "I always have to come from behind, so I always give them everything I've got when I'm out there. But that's what this sport is all about. It may sound funny, but this sport is tougher than anything else I can think of. Anyone who says we're not athletes ought to try it one time. It takes strength and coordination, but you know what I'm really trying to do? I'm trying to bring some grace to it. I'm trying to be—well—a boy Peggy Fleming. It's tough."

And nobody laughed when he said it. Champ Fleming, who has similar ideas about skating, has never been stronger or more graceful than she was in Philadelphia. She skated—floated actually—to an easy victory on Saturday night, a 109-pound wisp in an orange costume, and she made it look easy.

"Well, that's the idea," she said. "We have to make it look easy. Yet you have to make like a track star just to get through a number. Listen, all runners have to do is run around the track. We have to work much harder—and do it all in time to music. I don't know, maybe I should start grunting and grating a little to make this thing look tougher and get more sympathy."

There is no need. Peggy got five 5.9 votes on the technical merit of her program and three 5.9s and two perfect 6s on composition and style, further contributing to skating scoring history. How sympathetic can judges be?

After the girls had finished, Petkevich came back on the ice for an exhibition round. On one flying Russian split jump he took off to what had to be a new height-and-distance record for figure skaters, finally came back down to the ice and brought the crowd roaring to its feet all over again. "The crowd really turns me on," he chortled afterwards. "Before today's events I was all set not to get to see Grenoble. But now I'm ready. I'm really ready to go."

And he won't need a plane. He could jump that far. **AND**

It goes in here and it comes out there.
Pro football's scouts may not know how the
computer works, but the feedback
is taking chance out of the player draft

by **TEX MAULE**



MAKE NO MISTAKES ABOUT IT

The best computer in the world today is a small machine about the size and consistency of a ripe cantaloupe. It can digest, evaluate and extrapolate more data than the most sophisticated hard-metal device yet evolved and can do it quicker and better. The huge computer complex—a machine that takes up more than a thousand feet of floor space—has one advantage over the little one. It has a better memory.

Both types of machine are used in modern professional football, and next week they will be working overtime as the combined National and American football leagues meet to draft this year's crop of eligible players. The little machines—the cantaloupes—rest in the skulls of the coaches and scouts of the game. The big one—the computer machine—accepts the data given it by the

little ones, analyzes it, shuffles through its memory bank and returns black and white judgments to the brains for further evaluation.

In professional football the use of the computer has proliferated enormously during the last five years. The trend began with the escape of a general manager from a professional football team to a short term as an assistant to CBS Sports Director Bill MacPhail. It grew with the immigration of an Indian statistics expert to the U.S. and reached fulfillment when a young man who had made his living taking pictures of newborn babies in Milwaukee hospitals gave up his job to follow his hobby. The three together—led by the ex-CBS executive—easily developed the most

intelligent scouting system in all sports.

Tex Schramm, formerly general manager of the Los Angeles Rams and now president of the Dallas Cowboys, decided upon computerized consideration of football players while he was associated with CBS. The Rams, during the years Schramm worked for Owner Dan Reeves and luxuriated in what was then by far the most efficient scouting system in pro football, consistently came up with the best draft in the National Football League and just as consistently lost to other teams that grabbed their discards. Deluged with fine young talent in those years, the Rams tended to drop ripening players in favor of bringing in the new ones.

"While I was with CBS, I thought the whole thing out very carefully,"



Schramm said the other day. "I decided that I had undervalued experience and overvalued youth. And I decided, too, that I would have to find an objective method of deciding on the worth of a football player when I went back into pro football. The only defect in the Ram scouting system was that the people involved all had built-in prejudices of one sort or another. I thought we had to find a way to judge players without emotion. We used computers to figure scores and standings when I was in charge of CBS coverage of the Winter Olympics in 1958, and I discussed using computers to evaluate football players with IBM experts then. But I didn't get a chance to put the idea into operation until 1962, when I was with the Cowboys."

As examples of what Schramm means by emotional judgment, he admits that for years he has been partial to speed to the exclusion of other qualities when judging the ability of a player. "If a

guy can run a 9.4 hundred," he says, "I'll overlook a lot of faults. Some coaches have built-in prejudices against small colleges, and some coaches feel that a Big Ten player automatically is good. There are prejudices for and against regions and for and against individual coaches. These prejudices all lead to inaccurate judgments."

Restored to football in 1960, when Clint Murchison bought the Dallas franchise, Schramm hired Photographer Gil Brandt of Milwaukee as his chief scout and installed a detailed and expensive scouting system. Because there were so many other details to be mastered, it was not until 1962 that he began to solve the problem of objective analysis. In that year the Cowboys were approached by a subsidiary of IBM, Service Bureau Corporation, which was trying to develop a market in handling pro football accounting systems. Schramm countered with the suggestion that SBC try to develop a method for applying computers to

the multiple problems of scouting. Eventually SBC sent an Indian—Salam Qureshi—to Texas to look the situation over.

"By the time we had organized and set up the Cowboy scouting system and it was operating efficiently I found another problem," Schramm said. "The more efficient we were the less efficient we became. We were gathering too much information on too many players. We would start with, say, 2,000 players in their freshman year in college and steadily accumulate information on them. By the time they were seniors the number was down to 500 or 600. That total was reduced to 300. Then each of the 300 was ranked from one to 300. Since it took a man at least an hour to read and evaluate the information on a player, it became obvious at once that no one could judge the 300th player as efficiently as he did the first."

"Then the individual rating varied by the qualities the rater considered most

continued

important, consciously or unconsciously. For instance, Tom Landry [the Cowboy head coach] tends to give priority to character. A player who gets a good character rating gets special consideration from Tom, even if he may fall short in other areas. When I saw the mass of information we had to digest and the difficulty of getting uniform reactions from the people who had to digest it, I knew we had to find a quick, dispassionate judge. The computer was the answer."

Schramm immediately began work with Qureshi, who was employed by the Computing Sciences Division of the Service Bureau Corporation. The upshot of their discussions was a hush-hush contract between the Cowboys and SBC to develop computer analysis of the qualities that make up a good football player.

Qureshi, who was born in Algarh, India and took his B.A. and M.A. degrees there, knew cricket well, but he had never participated in any sports.

"Until I was called to Dallas," he said recently, "I knew nothing about American football. I had learned to enjoy baseball because of its similarity to cricket. Now I think American football is easily the most scientific game ever invented."

Qureshi set out quickly to learn about football, but his first steps were stumbles, according to Schramm. "We had an Indian who knew absolutely nothing about football and coaches who knew nothing about computers and less about Indians. Luckily, Landry is always looking for a better way to do things. If he had not wanted to cooperate, we never could have succeeded."

In long and difficult sessions with the Cowboy coaches Qureshi found himself concentrating almost exclusively on what made a good player. The coaches came up with a staggering total of 300 or so variables affecting their judgment of talent.

"At that time," Qureshi says, "the most sophisticated computer system could work with something like only 80 variables. It was immediately evident that we would have to cut down. We reduced everything to five dimensions. But there was a problem of semantics. We had to make sure that the scouts and coaches all meant the same thing

when they analyzed a player. We had to find key words that, as much as possible, said what we wanted to know and what the coaches and scouts wanted to say."

The five intangibles were character, quickness and body control, competitiveness, mental alertness and strength and explosiveness. Three other qualities—weight, height and speed—were physically measurable, and no evaluation by a coach was necessary.

"You get down this far, then you have to have an accurate measure of all of these qualities," Schramm explains. "I mean, you ask a coach a general question about any one of these qualities and you get an answer that is practically meaningless. For instance, we used to ask how quick a player was. One coach said he was quick as a cat; another said he was quick as two cats. We had to ask hundreds of questions, trying to find the key phrases that were meaningful both to the coaches and to us."

Now the Cowboys' scouting questionnaire, which is filled out by all of their many scouts, is a rather simple form, with 16 options, all of them in the form of statements. The scout grades a prospect from one to nine on each statement, depending on how well he fits the description.

"We have discovered that the human mind is not capable of judging degrees on a scale with more than nine ratings," Qureshi explains. "I mean, you cannot say that this man is one-twentieth more agile than that one or one-twentieth more competitive. So we designed our grading system to fit into the scale of the mind."

The Cowboy questionnaire provides declarative sentences describing a facet of football skill and asks the scout to decide, from one to nine, how the candidate fits the description. For instance, one sentence reads: "His movement is awkward in wave drill." A wave drill is an agility exercise familiar to all coaches, and it means the same thing to Robert Smith at Southern University as it does to Woody Hayes at Ohio State. So when a coach or a scout is asked to rate a player on his awkwardness, or lack of it, in wave drill, he has something concrete to go by, and his rating is far more meaningful than "Quick as two cats." It is also usable in a computer.

Aside from the eight basic qualities,

the scout must rate a player on the specific skills of his position. For offensive ends and flankers, for instance, there are eight such dimensions: receiving short, receiving long, avoiding being held up, faking and cutting ability, running ability after catch, ability as a blocker, catching in a crowd and hands. Each word, or combination of words, has a clear-cut, definite meaning to any scout. If he gives a player a rating of nine this means, in the Cowboy lexicon, that he has rare ability. Five would mean above average, and the lowest grade, one, is poor. Finally the raters must decide on the likelihood of a particular player making it in the National Football League. Nine in this category means a cinch, and one means none. Ones are seldom drafted.

It took more than three years to arrive at the dimensions that define a poor football player and to winnow down the definitions to a usable few, but then Schramm and Qureshi found another troublesome problem: how to assay the qualities of the scouts who were feeding information into the computer.

One scout may tend to overestimate the value of a player, another to be too harsh in his judgments. Schramm, Brandt and Qureshi worked for years going over scouting reports and assigning a value to each scout. This value—or weight—then was fed into the computer and forthwith became an integral part of its memory.

Recently the Cowboys joined with the San Francisco 49ers, the Los Angeles Rams and the New Orleans Saints in setting up a systems consulting company. Qureshi quit IBM last spring and became president of Optimum Systems, Inc. on August 16. Optimum Systems, at the moment, primarily operates as the computer division of the scouting system of the four clubs although it has recently acquired contracts in other fields. If a computer can help decide the relative merits of football players, then it may also be able to predict who will be a good astronaut, jet pilot or compotroller.

Los Angeles and San Francisco became part of the Cowboy computerized scouting project in 1963 almost at the beginning, the Saints last year when they joined the league. "I'm no philanthropist," Schramm says frankly. "I wasn't trying to help the other clubs, but we needed a bigger sample for our


continued

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The shirt is really something of a triumph, and we'd hate to see anybody deprived of it because he hates stripes—or can't find the color he likes. So we make the Desert Classic in *twenty-seven* different stripes and solid colors, and we're urging stores to carry as many as they have space for. \$10.

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computers. We weren't getting enough reports from just our own scouts. Now we get three or four times as much information, and that reduces the margin of error."

When Schramm originally met with Qureshi and the officials of SBC, Qureshi, after having had the problem explained to him, was asked how accurately he thought a computer system could operate on the given information.

"Oh," he said airily, "I should thank to about 95% accuracy."

Since scouting systems obviously do not operate with anything like that kind of efficiency, Schramm was very skeptical. When Qureshi came to understand the complexities of evaluating human capabilities he was not quite as sure of the 95% accuracy, either.

During the five years the Cowboys have been using the computer on scouting, they have refined their methods more each season. Weights now are assigned not only to the individual scouts, but to the type of scouting material (*i.e.*, whether the report comes from observation of movies, from a report from a staff member in the field or from an area scout hired by the club), the school from which the player comes and the type of competition he operates in.

"The reports are getting better each year," says Schramm. "Our scouts are getting better, for instance. They have seen their ratings—too harsh, too soft—and they have tended to improve so that the reports are getting more standardized and more accurate."

When all the information has been fed into the machine the Cowboys—or the 49ers, Rams or Saints—readily can extract what they want. Under the old system, each club had hundreds of black loose-leaf notebooks crammed with data. The process of extracting from this formidable array a list of, say, the 10 best defensive tackles was so time-consuming that it had to be started in the spring before a player was to become eligible. Updating at draft time was impossible.

"Now we can get a list of the top hundred in a day," Schramm says. Still, the manual system is retained as a check on the computer. If a computer comes up with a surprising rating, the coaches can go back to the notebooks and discover exactly what each scout had to say about the player in question.

To test their computer system against

known quality, the Cowboys evaluated the 1964 draft against the weights being used in 1967. The New York Jets and Sonny Werblin doubtless will be happy to know that the computer agreed with their \$400,000 price tag on Joe Namath. Namath came out No. 1 of the 1964 crop, although Dick Butkus, now the middle linebacker for the Chicago Bears, and Gale Sayers, the brilliant Bear halfback, had higher numerical scores. On that part of the scale where 900 is perfect, Butkus scored 854, Sayers 851 and Namath 803.

"Namath rates ahead of them anyway, because he had qualities that were held in particularly high esteem by this model. He had individual qualities that outweighed certain aspects of the 900 scale," Qureshi explains. "On another model with another set of requirements Butkus or Sayers might have come first."

Of course, it did not take an IBM computer in 1964 to know that Namath, Sayers and Butkus were all extraordinary pro prospects. Of the 100 players rated by the computer in this experiment, 87 became pros. For the record, here is how the computer rated the first 15 prospects in 1964:

1) Joe Namath, 803, starting quarterback, New York Jets; 2) Dick Butkus, 854, starting middle linebacker, Chicago; 3) Gale Sayers, 851, starting halfback, Chicago; 4) Fred Biletnickoff, 776, starting flanker, Oakland; 5) Mike Curtis, 801, starting linebacker, Baltimore, now on injured reserve; 6) Steve DeLong, 764, defensive lineman, San Diego; 7) Clancy Williams, 772, starting defensive back, Los Angeles; 8) Roy Jefferson, 749, starting flanker, Pittsburgh; 9) Tucker Frederickson, 750 (rated as defensive back), starting fullback, New York Giants; 10) Fred Brown, 719, starting defensive lineman, Philadelphia; 11) Ralph Neely, 725, starting offensive tackle, Dallas; 12) Dave Simmons, 740, linebacker, St. Louis (now with New Orleans); 13) Jack Snow, 739, starting flanker, Los Angeles; 14) Larry Elkins, 728, flanker, Houston; 15) Craig Morton, 725, quarterback, Dallas.

"We got at least 50% more information on each player now than we did in 1964," Schramm points out. "About

112 rookies made it in the NFL last year. That averages out to about seven players per club, or 175 players per year for the 25 teams in both leagues. We want to be able to pinpoint those 175 players and avoid wasting draft choices on the hundreds of others who will be drafted and will not have the ability to play professional football."

Although the four teams sponsoring Optimum Systems, Inc. completely share the computer, they do not completely share information with one another.

"About 40% of the information we get on players is common knowledge," Schramm explains. "The other 60% the clubs keep to themselves." Brandt, in fact, often wants to keep back more than 60%. An intense, exceptionally dedicated man, Brandt sometimes works straight through the night on his scouting projects. His complete devotion to his job and to acquiring football players for Dallas probably has made him the most thoroughly disliked scout in the business by the other scouts.

"That shows he is doing his job better than any of the others," Schramm says, grinning. "If the other scouts liked him, I'd be worried. The players like him. He has a real knack for meeting players and coaches on their own ground and gaining their respect."

Brandt himself never played or coached football. While he was making his living taking photos of newborn babies in Milwaukee, he scouted football players as a hobby. He attended as many games as he could for more information, and each year he held a mock draft for his own edification. He worked for Schramm when Schramm was with the Rams, getting information on players in the annual All-Star games.

"I asked him to sign some ballplayers for me when I took over the Cowboys," Schramm said. "He worked 18 hours a day signing them, and he never missed. I was impressed with his knowledge of college talent. Maybe it was a long shot hiring him, but it paid off."

Although Schramm has been a mover and shaker in the development of group scouting, he feels that it has problems. "One of the gravest dangers facing pro ball is the growing tendency to share what should be competitive jobs," he says. "You can't share in anything that bears on the competition on the field."

continued

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NO MISTAKES *continued*

In our scouting combine we remain highly competitive in all but the purely mechanical aspects of scouting. There are other groups now, and they are sharing totally, or tending that way, and that's wrong. When you do that you abdicate your basic responsibility to compete. I have grave misgivings about total sharing of scouting information."

As an example of how diverse the information available to the Rams, Cowboys, 49ers and Saints can be on a particular player, Schramm cites Clinton Jones, the Michigan State halfback.

"San Francisco had 21 scouting reports on Jones," Schramm says. "We had 24, and only six of the reports were common to both clubs."

At present the repository for all this information is a collection of magnetic tapes resting in the offices of Optimum Systems. Optimum is using two computer centers, one at the American Institute for Research, a computer complex perched in the hills near Palo Alto, Calif., not too distant from its offices, and the other at SBC. The computer in use at AIR is one of the most sophisticated of the IBM units. It leases for about \$35,000 a month and is used for many projects other than scouting for the pros.

Not long ago Qureshi and Schramm visited the computer to extract some information. Qureshi walked over to the biggest machine in the room, a box which operates as a sort of mammoth typewriter, printing out the information requested from the computer. It was burping information for another customer at the time.

"We have space optioned in our building for our own computer," Qureshi said. "When we get a few more customers, maybe we will lease it. I would like an IBM System 360, Model 67. It is a more sophisticated system than this one."

Schramm regarded Qureshi through cool blue eyes.

"How much does that rent for?" he asked.

"Ninety thousand dollars a month," Qureshi said. "But it can handle so much more than this one, Tex."

Qureshi and each of the four clubs own a fifth of Optimum Systems. "I hope you become a very wealthy man," Schramm said. "But we aren't any of us wealthy yet. Wait."

Undoubtedly Optimum Systems will acquire its own computer—starting

with one of the modest \$35,000-a-month models. When it does, there will be two sets of customers it will never service. They are BLESTO and SEPO, the scouting combinations that include all the rest of the clubs in the National Football League. BLESTO and SEPO joined the computer parade this year, signing a contract with Computer Applications, a company based in Silver Spring, Md. Computer Applications will operate somewhat as Optimum Systems does.

Computer Applications also will work with member teams on offensive and defensive game analysis, or game scouting. The game-scouting phase of computerized football got its start about four years ago with Bill Witzel, a Maryland alumnus who was an employee of Computer Applications at the time. As a hobby, Witzel went to the Maryland coaches and took the information they could give him on Maryland opponents and programmed that into the computer, coming up with frequencies, formations and habits of the upcoming teams. He was unable to sell his idea to Tom Nugent, the Maryland head coach, so he tried Bill McPeak, then head coach of the Washington Redskins. McPeak turned him over to Ed Hughes, the Redskins defensive backfield coach, and together Hughes and Witzel worked out a computer program for game analysis. That year—1965—the Redskins finished second on defense in the NFL, despite a so-so win-loss record.

Hughes is the brother-in-law of Dick Nolan, the Cowboy defensive coach who last week was named the new head coach of the 49ers. Nolan followed Hughes's lead and installed much the same system for the Cowboys. "The computer does about 10 hours' work for you in 30 minutes," Nolan explains. "It will analyze the other team's offense much more quickly than we can do manually. It will tell you what the other club has done inside its own 10-yard line or inside yours, what it does from one hash mark or the other, what it will do inside its own 30 on third and short, third and long, and so on. You can get frequencies on any situation you can imagine."

The use of computers in game analyses and in the creation and adjustment of game plans is only getting started. When the Cowboys do set up their own computer machines in Palo Alto, it is conceivable that they will be able to use them in order to decide what strat-

egy to pursue during the game itself

"All we would need would be a terminal in the press box," Nolan says. "We could feed the first half into the computer play-by-play, then, while the teams are walking off the field after the second quarter ends, we could ask the computer in Palo Alto for an analysis of the other team's offense and find out if they were going away from the trends we expected. We could find out where they were hurting us most, which holes they were hitting. We could analyze our own play and find out what had been successful and what had failed and what defenses they had used most effectively during the first half. The computer could print out all that information fast enough for us to use it for adjustments during the half-time interval."

The Cowboy and Redskin computerized defenses met for the first time this year, with Hughes and Nolan basing their defenses, for the most part, on what the machines had revealed to them. As you might expect, it was a whale of a defensive struggle, with the Cowboys winning on the last play of the game. On that play Don Meredith threw a 36-yard scoring pass to Dan Reeves, the Cowboy halfback. Reeves was all alone and had ample time to score, even though he had to wait for Meredith's wobbly pass. The Redskin computer might have been confused by a couple of things. Meredith had been knocked silly the play before and had no recollection of calling the play or throwing the ball after the game, so it would have been impossible for the computer to forecast what he would do.

As Qureshi pointed out, computers are not creative thinkers and cannot react to situations like this. No matter how sophisticated the machines get, the game will always be dependent upon human inspiration and human error.

But there is one thing to ponder—Reeves was not drafted by either the AFL or the NFL when he ended his college career at South Carolina. Not long ago Schramm ran Reeves through the computer, using the 1967 Cowboy model to find out how high the computer would have picked him.

The computer rated him 29th. That means he would have been drafted on the second round instead of having been ignored.

So the computers aren't exactly stupid, are they?

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A BOAT BUILT TO GO PLACES

BY TOM C. BRODY
PAINTINGS BY DAVID NOYES

Frustrated by the shortcomings of the average express cruiser and yearning for the freedom of sail without the work it entails, a retired Navy man found inspiration in a fisherman's flopperstopper for a motor vessel rugged enough to take him across any sea. In 50,000 miles of cruising, his 'Passagemaker' has set a new style in yachts

Retired U.S. Navy Captain Robert P. Beebe has spent most of his 58 years in, on, under and around the water. He should, therefore, be reasonably used to the behavior of any craft subject to the vagaries of wind and wave. Yet, there in the galley of his own oceangoing motorboat *Passagemaker*, Captain Beebe sat stunned and unbelieving. The reason: six plates, stacked neatly on a counter near the galley stove, had suddenly leaped off their shelf and cascaded onto the deck, clattering and shattering all over the place.

It was a sight at which most sailors would merely have shrugged. Aboard virtually any boat smaller than the late R.M.S. *Queen Mary*, anything that can come unhitched eventually will. Plates, pans, tools, gear, people are all fair game if they are not strapped securely in place. The wrong wave from the wrong quarter and hey, watch it! Why, even the rawest lubber knows that.

Yet there was Bob Beebe, 50 years a sailor, staring in amazement at the pile of plates strewn on his galley deck. And while it may come as a shock to anybody who has ever tried to sip hot coffee in a beam sea, he had good reason to stare. Sturdy, high-sided, salty and tough, his 50-foot *Passagemaker* had taken him across two oceans non-stop, flurried with hurricanes, bulled headlong into full gales, ridden easily over rolling swells, and in 50,000 miles of cruising had almost never broken a dish under way.

The trouble with the present circumstances was that she was not under way. At the moment of Captain Beebe's shocked surprise, she was hanging on a mooring in the anchorage of the Balboa Yacht Club with all her sea-going defenses down and at the mercy of every souped-up sportsfisherman who cared to roar past her at 10 knots over the courteous limit. So just forget that pile of crock-

ery on the deck, Cap'n Bob. It was a freak happening, one that can't be repeated if only you and *Passagemaker* stay at sea where you both belong.

So what is she, this rugged but stylish craft that can do things no other boat of her general size and shape could dream of? Is she an express cruiser? Oh, no, no. A sailboat? An auxiliary? No, though she carries both sail and power. A motor sailer then? Oh, dear, no. She is, as her name not only implies but states most explicitly, a vessel designed to make passages.

Captain Beebe's boat can chug happily along for 3,200 miles without a stop and without a groan from her single huge Ford diesel. Single, you say? Yes, why carry two engines when the weight of a second could be converted into extra fuel, far more useful when you're halfway across an ocean? The thing is to make sure your single engine is reliable. *Passagemaker's* big Ford will get her across any ocean as smoothly as the old *Super Chief* riding the rails of the Santa Fe as long as it keeps running. And if it doesn't—well, there are *Passagemaker's* unique auxiliary sails to get you home. The term "auxiliary" is used advisedly, for on this boat the sails, not the engine, provide the extra, emergency power.

On the wind *Passagemaker* carries a normal working ketch rig: jib, main and mizzen. Downwind she flies two triangular foresails wung out to port and starboard with two more triangular sails on the mizzen, somewhat like huge storm trybails clewed to the struts of her flopperstoppers.

Her what? Her flopperstoppers. That's what the fishermen of the Pacific call the gadgets that play the most important role of all aboard *Passagemaker*. They consist of two clumsy-looking chunks of metal, about two feet

continued







PASSAGEMAKER *continued*

across and two feet long, shaped vaguely like stingrays. These steel "fish" swim along under the water on either side of the boat on the end of steel cables held in place by outriggers stayed to a sturdy mizzen mast. Because they tend to hold their course evenly well below the surface where the waves have no effect, any effort on the part of *Passagemaker* to pull them up or down as she tries to roll is promptly discouraged.

Beebe's flopperstoppers, his unique sails, his single reliable diesel and the stern seamanship he has built into his *Passagemaker* are all practical expressions of a new wistful trend in yachting—the yearning of the amateur to own a boat on which he can truly rely as those who make their living by the sea rely on their working craft. This trend has led to a whole new class of motor yachts patterned on the ocean fisherman's rugged trawler.

Less wistful yachtsmen today are often sent to sea by more wistful wives. You can see them every year at the boat show in Manhattan's Coliseum. There *he* stands on the flying bridge of the latest chrome and mahogany marvel, knuckles white on the wheel, gazing off into the Columbus Circle exit. And below *she* goggles at the plush carpeting, the nifty full-sized refrigerator, the huge, luxurious staterooms, the hot-water faucets. "Why, it's just like an adorable little house," says she. Next summer, in a great fog of internal combustion fumes, they roar out at

continued



flank speed for the breakwater and the open sea. Then it comes, the first long ocean swell that turns the adorable little home into a Luna Park crazy house and the maritime marvel into a torture chamber. If she ever makes it back to shore, she will spend the following weekend tied up at the marina and likely stay there the rest of the summer. Come fall, there will be a natty "for sale" sign on her tuna tower. It is, perhaps, the most significant fact of *Passagemaker* that when Captain Beebe talked of selling, it was Mrs. Beebe who demurred.

Captain Beebe's effort to bring a sea change to the sport of motorboat cruising began some nine years ago when he was finishing up a 30-year career in the U.S. Navy as a department head in the Naval Postgraduate School in Monterey, California. With retirement imminent, he began to dream of a small boat that would take him where he wanted to go, when he wanted to go.

"Long-range cruising had always meant sail," Beebe says, "mostly because a motorboat is a punishing device in any kind of sea." Yet a lifetime's familiarity with wind, current and tide charts told him there were vast areas of water where a sail was very likely to flap in its own juice, sometimes for days at a time.

"I knew auxiliary power wasn't going to help me," Beebe says, "when I couldn't carry enough fuel to get me out of those calms."

Besides, making sail is a sport for the young and the vigorous. "I've had my share of fighting a jib in a full gale," he said. "It's invigorating, exciting work, and I enjoyed it. It is also hard, dangerous work and I had reached an age when I wanted to cruise easily, comfortably and on my own schedule. Moreover," he adds, "I wanted a boat that could cruise not only the oceans, where harbors are thousands of miles apart, but the shallow canals of Europe."

Having decided that he wanted the impossible, Beebe went to work in Seattle to try to bring it to reality. Gradually the dream began to assume form. Each day, winter and summer, foul weather and fair, Beebe saw the salmon trawlers chug out to sea, their passages made easy by their makeshift outriggers. "Flopperstoppers, by golly," thought Beebe. "The trawlers of the Northwest have been using them for years. If they work for the fisherman, why won't they work for me?" The answer he got from other yachtsmen was a classic in Corinthian reasoning: they had never been used on pleasure boats before, so they obviously would not work.

"You don't say so," said Beebe and promptly got on the job. What he had in mind was not a boat with flopperstoppers stuck on it, but rather a boat intrinsically designed to accommodate the things.

After hours and hours of research, seven different designs, three full working plans and eight months' building in the Thornycroft yard in Singapore, he had his answer: *Passagemaker*.

It was, of course, far more than just a platform for flopperstoppers. It combined a whole philosophy of yacht construction aimed at long-distance cruising.

First of all, there was a hull designed to be at its best at cruising speed, not flank speed. "The object was to get there approximately on schedule," said Beebe, "not an

record time." Then there was the question of power. The obvious answer was a diesel, big and dependable and with a fuel capacity to keep *Passagemaker* going for at least 2,400 miles nonstop. "There is nothing duller than steering a boat day after day without the stimulation of the changing weather you get under sail," says Beebe, and so an automatic pilot was a necessity. But what kind? "I picked this," he will point out, showing you the converted bombsight that he uses, "because it's all electric. You can fix it even at sea."

To top it all, Beebe gave his *Passagemaker* a big comfortable great cabin aft, a semi-enclosed cockpit guaranteed to keep one dry in all weather, a cheery galley and a roomy deckhouse.

Beebe's first cruise took him across the Indian Ocean from Singapore to Greece. With his diesel clicking off 7½ knots, he met his first real seas and launched the flopperstoppers. They hit the water with a splash and zipped down to their 15-foot cruising depth. Suddenly *Passagemaker* stopped wallowing, immediately and completely, and began a continuous flow of conversation. That is the first thing Beebe learned. Flopperstoppers talk. It is a strange language, almost but not quite intelligible. Coming on watch in the dead of night, for instance, as you step out into the cockpit, you will hear: "Helloooo there hummmmmmm."

"I beg your pardon?" you will ask.

"Hooow boom, rah rah boomoo," they answer.

"How's that?" you say.

"Hooow raaa raaaaa whooooooo!"

Beebe has never quite got the gist of flopperstopperese, but no matter. What they say isn't important; it's what they do.

Beebe and *Passagemaker* spent that summer puttering about the Greek isles, where they met an American artist whom Beebe soon married (his first wife died just before he retired). Next spring all three of them sailed for Marseilles and *Passagemaker*'s second test, the canals. Down came the masts and away they went, slowly, happily, sometimes with less than an inch to spare in the locks, but *Passagemaker* did just fine, thank you, chugging up the Rhone River all the way to the Rhine and down to the North Sea. Nothing to it.

It was in England that Norris Hoyt, a long-time sailor and frequent SI correspondent (Aug. 8, 1966), met *Passagemaker* and almost instantly signed on for a trip across the Atlantic. The voyage was a revelation. In the Bay of Biscay, 25-knot winds whipped up big seas quartering from the stern—exactly the conditions guaranteed to make life hell on a small motorboat. Out went the flopperstoppers and presto, pots and pans sat quietly on shelves, food stayed on table and sleepers were able to stay in their bunks.

Hoyt, a schoolmaster by trade, spent the rest of the cruise jotting down such things as: "The flare of her bow increases exactly enough to lift aft before taking water—and she muzzles ahead" and "Layout is leisurely, comfortable, filled with privacy and places to put things. In fact, there is so much room it's sinful."

That is exactly what Beebe had in mind when he built *Passagemaker*. END

PART 3: THE RUNNING OF THE GREEN

by RON DELANY

ULTIMATE TRIUMPH: THE OLYMPIC 1,500

The years of learning, of training, of agony and ecstasy came to a glorious peak at the Melbourne Games when Delany swept to victory

After completing exams the Villanova track team headed west in May of 1956 to compete in the Compton Invitational meet and the National Collegiate Championships. The American boys on our squad had a lot at stake for they were trying to make the final tryouts for the Melbourne Olympics. Charlie Jenkins and Phil Reavis were to be successful and gain selection on the American team. As an Irishman I was under considerably less pressure. We have no tryouts in Ireland. An Irish Olympic Council sets standards for the various events, and if an athlete meets the required standard he is eligible for selection. For my own part I had already bettered the standards set for the half mile and the mile, 1:30 and 4:05.8 respectively. But I still did not know if I would be selected and was not to know officially for a long time yet.

At that time Irish sport was very complex at the organizational level. In our small country we had three different athletic bodies administering the sport of track and field. For various reasons, political and otherwise, they did not see eye to eye. As a result, the Irish Olympic Council, which is made up of representatives of the various Olympic sports such as boxing, fencing and weight lifting, did not have any representative

of track and field on its board. This amounted to our athletics team being selected by persons with no knowledge of or connection with the sport. This unfortunate system almost led to my not going to Melbourne.

But, for now, back to Compton. After my defeats by John Landy I was paradoxically not nearly as anxious about my miling and my desire to beat four minutes. I was in a relaxed frame of mind, and I was not thinking specifically of trying to break through the magic barrier. There was a classy field lined up for the Compton Mile. World 1,500-meter record holder Gunnar Nielsen of Denmark headed the list. The American challenge included Fred Dwyer, formerly of Villanova, and Bobby Seaman, a rising UCLA star. Before the race I was more concerned with getting a pair of spikes to run in, for my old ones were worn out, than in preparing myself for the race. I got a pair on credit about 15 minutes before the off from a shoe salesman at the meet. He made me pay up afterward, too, my last \$10 in fact, in spite of the exciting result of the race. He obviously didn't appreciate the value of good public relations.

As usual, by now, there was a rabbit in the Compton Mile to ensure a fast pace. Danny Schweikart, a no more





WINNING STRATEGY in the Olympic 1,500-meter final, Delany (arrow) stayed well back for the first two laps, moved within striking distance at the end of the third lap, then sprinted around the field to a decisive triumph.

than average miler, did the early running. I lay back in the field but at no time lost contact with the leaders. Jumbo determined the "contact point" as anywhere within 10 yards of the pace-setter. I was always supposed to keep within this range. However, I must have given Jumbo many a start, for I seldom if ever could keep up early on in a race. I often felt more tired during the second lap than at any other stage, and I had this terrible tendency to dawdle along behind—completely out of touch. But in Compton I was not taking any chances and for once followed Jumbo's orders. The early part of the race, up to the three-quarter mark, was unexciting. The lead interchanged a few times between Nielsen, Dwyer and Scaman. I did not hear the three-quarter time called out, so I had no idea how fast we were going or, more important, that we were on schedule for a four-minute mile.

The final lap was a scorcher. Nielsen was being chased by Dwyer and Scaman. About 200 yards from home I began to move up. I slipped past the two Americans and into an attacking position about one yard behind the big Dane. I was only conscious that I was racing another man at this point, and I had absolutely no idea of how fast we were going. About 100 yards from the finish I moved up on Nielsen's shoulder. He was still very strong and held me off. But I was determined to pass him, for I was still smarting from the two Landy defeats. Forty yards from the tape I edged in front. I stayed there, barely holding off Nielsen's challenge. Immediately I finished I was swarmed on by my teammates and some of the spectators. I knew I had achieved something in beating Nielsen, but I could not quite understand all this excitement. In the jumble of voices around me I thought I heard someone say I had broken the barrier. Just then over the public-address system came the voice of the

continued

announcer. There was a silence, startling in its suddenness, as he called the result of the mile and the time: 3 minutes 59 seconds.

I had made it, and Nielsen also with 3:59.1. I could hardly believe my ears. I was amazed, dumfounded. I knew I would break four minutes someday but not so soon. But, suddenly, I was the seventh four-minute miler in history. I had joined Roger Bannister, John Landy, Laszlo Taborn, Chris Chataway, Brian Hewson and Jim Bailey in the most exclusive club in the world. And, with Taheri, I was the fourth fastest miler of all time. I was full of gratitude in my heart to everyone who had helped me achieve this, and especially to Jumbo Elliott for his unceasing confidence in me.

Nielsen and I, in breaking the barrier, ended a lot of drivel at that time about the psychological aspects of four-minute miling. There was no resolution here on either side, no great tactical planning for our achievement. Rather, two men pitted against each other had run as fast as they could in an effort to defeat the other and in the process had run four minutes. Perhaps Bannister had to fight a psychological barrier to become the first to crash through, but from now on four-minute miles would become a matter of physical condition and the necessary effort required. The die had been cast.

To add to my joy, two weeks later in Berkeley, Calif. I won the NCAA 1,500-meter championship, beating Landy's recent conqueror, Jim Bailey of Oregon, in the process. So I was able to set off on the journey home to Ireland for my summer vacation happy in the knowledge that I had run a four-minute mile and had beaten Bailey. I was becoming optimistic about my chances in Melbourne—if I ever got there. But on arrival home in Dublin I discovered the members of the Irish Olympic Council had not yet made up their minds about sending me to the Olympics. Under tremendous pressure from the press and athletic officials the council met again. But they were not going to be rushed. The outcome of their meeting was a bald statement to the effect that Ireland would be represented in Melbourne if funds were available. They mentioned certain sports, athletics included, but did not nominate any one athlete. This was most upsetting at the time and the strain of

not knowing officially if I would be traveling to the Games had an adverse effect on my training. I began to wonder seriously what I would have to do to earn selection.

To add to my worries I was seriously spiked in the heel during an 800-meter race in Paris in early July. For some strange reason or other the organizers had about 20 athletes entered in the race, and they elected to start us on a turn. There was a mad stampede at the start. An Iranian athlete running his first international race ever chose, in his excitement, to try to run over me rather than around me. In the process he nearly cut my right heel off. I was taken to the hospital with two deep gashes in the heel, but the doctors said they would mend in about a month. I was greatly relieved. My relief nearly turned to horror when I saw a nurse preparing the largest injection I have ever seen in my life. I knew it was for me, but I didn't expect her to want to put it directly into my back above the shoulder blade. I tried to reason with her in my best school French, suggesting an alternative area with a little more flesh in preponderance. However, she kept insisting *ici* and pointing to my back, so I had to succumb. I really was beginning to hate nurses. But it's an ill wind that does not blow somebody good, for after leaving the hospital, in the company of Louis Vandendries, a Belgian resident in Dublin and secretary of the Irish Amateur Athletic Union, I hobbled around the famous night spots of Paris. Knowing I was out of training for at least a month, I had a great night smoking cigars and sampling the *v.m.* I had started out the evening hobbling, but I had developed a distinct roll by the time I got back to our hotel.

A month later I was back in training. After six days I ran my first race, a moderate 4:06.4 mile at London's famous White City. I then attempted the ridiculous and took on Brian Hewson of Britain, another four-minute miler, before a partisan home crowd in Dublin two days later. The result was disastrous. I finished 75 yards behind him in 4:20, the slowest mile I ever ran in my life. I learned my lesson and decided no more racing for the remainder of the summer, for obviously my layoff and injury had affected me more than I thought. I continued to do light training, and on my return to Villanova in September, two months before the Games opened,

I was moderately fit. Jumbo Elliott appreciated that my poor miles in Dublin were a result of the injury in Paris. He still believed that even with two months' training we could win the 1,500 meters in Melbourne. At this stage, believe it or not, I still did not know if I was going to be selected for the Irish team. The Irish Olympic Council had not issued any further statement since June and to date had not selected a team. This was utterly ridiculous. It meant that the aspiring Olympic hopefuls, including myself, were training in the hope and belief we would be selected, but nothing more. It was a tremendous worry. I mention this to highlight the different approaches of the small country and a track power like the U.S. Whereas Ireland's team was still unannounced, the U.S. team had been selected at the final Olympic tryouts the previous June, and the team would gather shortly on the West Coast for collective training prior to going down to Australia well before the Games would open. I would arrive in Australia, as it turned out, only three days before the opening ceremonies—a very brief period in which to become acclimatized.

At Villanova that fall I trained as I had never done before, while at the same time carrying a full schedule of lectures. It meant I had to live the life of a recluse, for my training program called for two workouts a day. There was no time for dates or any sort of social life. Even movies were out. It was train, train, with eating, studying and sleeping fitting into the daily pattern in that order. There was one good side effect. In view of my heavy training program I was put on the training table for all meals with the football squad. The big 200-pound-plus linemen could hardly believe that such a skinny little Irishman could put so much away at table. I took quite a ribbing, all of it good humored—not that it would have made much difference, for I was not inclined to engage in fistcuffs with any of those bullplayers, even the likeliest of them.

Finally, in October, I learned from a newspaper report that I had been named to the Irish team for Melbourne. I did not get any official communication, letter or otherwise, from the council until the day before I left New York on the first leg of the long trip down under. But my mind was eased. I knew I was now going to the Games, and I was

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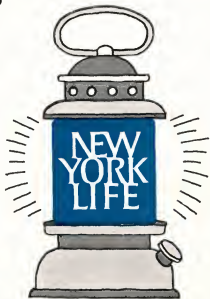
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even more determined than ever to win. My workouts under Coach Elliott's ever watchful eyes were progressing most satisfactorily. By the end of October I was performing better in training than ever before. I had the assistance and encouragement of all my teammates during my training sessions. Johnny Kopil and Alex Beckenledge, no mean milers themselves, were particularly helpful. In my more strenuous workouts they would each run an alternate lap with me, pushing me to the limit of my endurance. The time Jumbo was drumming into my brain his particular philosophy on running to win. "There is only one place to finish," he would say, "first. The rest are nobodies. It is not sufficient to run well, better than you have ever run before, Ron, and perhaps take a place. If you want the glory, if you want to go down in history, you must win."

I knew Jumbo believed in me. This, above all, gave me great confidence. His attitude regarding winning really sunk home. He had me worked up to such a pitch that nothing else was going to satisfy me. I wanted to win and I would win, for him, my country and myself. Jumbo, my teammates and my father were probably the only ones who gave me more than a snowball's chance in hell. The press had written me off because of my poor showing in Dublin the previous August. In their opinion Landy was the favorite, with the other members of the four-minute club, Bailey, Hewson, Tabori and Nielsen, tipped to fill the minor placings. Rozsavolgyi, the Hungarian who was now the 1,500-meter world-record holder, was also listed among the favorites. But I was not concerned. I knew I was fitter than I had ever been before in my life—far fitter than when I had run my own four-minute effort the previous June. What did it matter what the press and the experts thought? I was in my most positive frame of mind ever as a result of Jumbo's huihuip. Nothing had been neglected. My body and mind were conditioned as never before—to strain to breaking point, if necessary, for victory.

Still without official communication from the Irish Olympic Council, I learned from the grapevine in early November what the travel arrangements for the Irish party to Australia were. I was to link up with the team in New York and travel on from there with them. They

were due in New York from Dublin on the second Sunday in November. On Saturday morning I still had heard nothing from the Irish Olympic Council. My travel tickets had not yet arrived, though I knew they would. Nothing was going to prevent me from going to Australia now. The Villanova post office closed at noon on Saturday, but I arranged with the postmaster to let me come back to check again in midafternoon. When I did, a special-delivery letter awaited me. It was from the secretary of the Irish Olympic Council and he enclosed the air tickets, full instructions regarding the trip and sundry identity cards and documents. Better late than never, I thought, but certainly not in the best interest of an athlete trying to prepare for competition.

The next day I traveled to New York and checked in for my flight to San Francisco, where the Irish team would train for a few days before continuing on to Australia. The flight I was to take had originated in Shannon, and the Irish team was on board. I met my teammates for the first time in the tourist-class cabin of that old Super Constellation. They were a grand bunch of lads, with one girl, Maeve Kyle, included. Altogether, our Irish Olympians numbered 12—one yachtsman, three athletes, seven boxers and a wrestler. Yet among us we were to bring home to Ireland one gold, one silver and three bronze medals, on average the best performances of any country in the Games. We stopped off in San Francisco and worked out in Berkeley at the University of California. Brutus Hamilton, the university's track coach and one of the finest gentlemen I have ever met, helped me with my workouts. At the end of the week, following my final session under his care, he told me there was just one other thing we had to do. He instructed me to go down the track about 20 yards from the finishing line. He then pulled out a piece of finishing tape from his pocket, attached it to the post, stretched it out over the track and said, "Come on, run through it." I obeyed and amid our laughter Mr. Hamilton explained that he believed an athlete should practice everything, even breaking the tape. I was then fully prepared for Melbourne.

We left San Francisco on November 17, only five days before the Games were to open, and headed down for Melbourne

via Honolulu, Fiji and Sydney. In the early evening of November 19 we arrived in the Olympic city to a tumultuous welcome from a myriad of Irish-Australian societies, with Irish papers and collectors, dressed in national costume, on hand for the occasion. The Irish down under were thrilled to see their old country represented in the Games and extended to us the warmest of good luck and best wishes. We arrived at the Olympic Village and settled in immediately, tired and needing to rest up after our long journey. But before going to bed we raised an Irish flag outside our quarters. As it so happened, it was the largest flag put up—the other nations had standard-sized ones—and before we knew it every newspaperman in the village was outside photographing it. It caused a sensation. Next morning matters were put right—or wrong, depending on which way you look at it—when the camp commandant came along with the proper-sized flag, took our big one down and went through a formal ceremony of unfurling the new flag.

My first days in the village were filled with meeting members of other nations' teams with whom I was acquainted. It was great seeing my teammates from Villanova, Charlie Jenkins and Phil Reavis, both competing, of course, for the U.S. Charlie had a store of information on my opponents; he had done some research for me. He told me Landy was having trouble with his legs and Bailey trouble with his nose and that the one-two threat of the Australians was considered weakened. Rozsavolgyi and Tabori of Hungary and the British team of Hewson, Wood and Boyd were all thought highly of by the experts.

The tension in the village itself was electric. All about me were lean, strained faces with eyes sunk deep from the rigors of long hours of training. Everywhere there was talk of who would win this and that, all of which, if you listened to it, would only make you twice as nervous and tense. For the most part I kept to myself and my Irish teammates. Shortly after my arrival in the village I met the three Britons, Hewson, Wood and Boyd. Despite our centuries of differences we Irish and British were friendly toward one another. They were all talk about who was going to win the 1,500 meters and mentioned everyone's name, practically. I gathered they were in a state of high tension and when they asked

continued

me who I thought would win I announced blandly, "Myself." I might as well have insulted the Queen, it had such an effect on them. One of them actually screamed. The last thing they wanted to hear apparently was one of their competitors saying he was going to win. Admittedly, I said it more out of bravado than in belief I could do it. But in cold-war terms the Irish had put one over on the British again.

On November 22 the opening ceremony of the XVI Olympiad took place. Sixty-seven nations' contingents of athletes paraded into Olympic Stadium before a capacity crowd exceeding 100,000. Even if one were never to win an Olympic medal, the memory of the opening ceremony would last a lifetime in one's mind, I believe. Somehow every athlete I have spoken to on the subject has expressed the same sentiment. There is something very special, historic and significant in being sent by your country to an Olympic Games, and this realization comes to you as you participate in the opening ceremony before the eyes of the world. The taking of the Olympic oath, the fanfares of trumpets, the choirs, the lighting of the Olympic flame, the releasing of the doves of peace carrying their message that the Games are on—all combine to make a great spectacle and an undying impression on the mind of the participants. I was proud of my heritage and my native land as I stood erect in the Olympic Stadium, a privileged member of the Irish team.

I was not due to run until a week

later in the preliminary heats of the 1,500 meters. I did not go to the track and field events for more than an hour each day. I found the tension too great. I had the thrill of seeing Charlie Jenkins win the 400-meter crown and believe I could have won the high jump with my exultant leap as he breastst the tape. The days flew by and I was preparing myself mentally for the task ahead. I reasoned I was as fit and strong as anyone in the race. I was faster than most over a half mile or quarter and a four-minute miler to boot. I believed I had it in me to win. I was almost alone in this opinion, except for my coach, my family and my closest friends. No one looked for the reason for my defeats; the fact that I was spiked in Paris and out of training for three weeks was completely ignored. In retrospect, it is probably a good thing not to be favored.

The heats of the 1,500 meters were held on Thursday, but qualifying for the final turned out to be a mere formality. The first four in each of the three heats went on to the final on Saturday. I strolled home in third place in my heat comfortably behind Merv Lincoln of Australia and Ken Wood of Great Britain, with the much favored Tabori of Hungary in the fourth spot. The other qualifiers were Landy, Nielsen, Hewson, Ian Boyd, Klaus Rachtzenhain, Neville Scott, Murray Halberg and Stanislav Jungwirth. Rozsavolgyi, the world record holder, was eliminated along with Joseph Barthel, the defending Olympic champion; Dan Waern, the greatest

Swedish runner since Gunder Hagg; the Germans, Günther Dohrow and Siegfried Herrmann; and all three American contestants. Jim Bailey of Australia scratched from his heat.

The final was wide open despite Landy's position as favorite. There were four other four-minute milers in the field beside myself—Landy, Hewson, Tabori and Nielsen—and I was younger than any of them. Halberg and Scott of New Zealand were comparatively inexperienced. Lincoln of Australia had probably run too fast in winning his heat. Rachtzenhain of Germany and Jungwirth of Czechoslovakia were unknown quantities. Of the two other Britons in the race, Wood was considered a dark horse, but Boyd hardly seemed up to the class of the race.

Friday was spent resting and relaxing as far as possible under the trying circumstances. Every moment my mind was turning over analyzing my opponents. It was virtually impossible to decide on the form of the field. Finally I settled to my own satisfaction that Landy was still my greatest threat, with Hewson the next most likely to succeed in beating me to my life's ambition. I also considered the possibility of an outsider of the inspired sort who suddenly appears in Olympic finals and performs way above himself, running off with the laurels. It was this sort of inspiration I was hoping for myself.

The day I had lived for dawned bright and warm. It was difficult to remain calm but I tried as best I could, for I



IN 1956 A TRIUMPHANT DELANY IS CHEERED BY DUBLIN CROWDS. A DECADE LATER ON THE SAME STREETS, HE IS A SERIOUS YOUNG

knew every moment of anxiety used up valuable energy. I resigned myself quietly to the will of God and prayed not so much for victory but the grace to run up to my capabilities. When I arrived at Olympic Stadium I immediately went to the warm-up area for the "roll call" and to prepare for my race. One of the first people I met was Charlie Jenkins and in spite of the seriousness of the occasion for me he could not restrain himself from bursting into laughter when he saw the anxiety written all over my face. I'll always remember what he said to me: "Man, I know what you're going through. I'm sure glad my ordeal is over." He could well laugh with his Olympic gold medal already secured and with the possibility of another before him in the 1,600-meter relay final later in the day.

Before I fully realized it, the race was called and we were marched single file through a dark tunnel out into the sudden glaring brightness of the Olympic oval before 100,000 partisan fans ready to cheer on their hero, John Landy. Yet, as we moved across the stadium toward the starting area, John came over to me and wished me good luck. It was typical of this great sportsman.

It is funny how even in life's most serious moments one cannot help being amused by some little detail: the three British athletes were moving around as if they were glued together, all ashen-faced and looking as if they were going to the gallows rather than the starting line. I remember reprimanding myself

and thinking I would not be so amused if one of these Englishmen were ahead of me at the finish.

There was one false start; we were lined up again, the pistol fired and the Olympic 1,500-meter final was on. In a crowded field of 12 one had to avoid trouble and I did this by running at the back of the pack. After 400 meters in 58.9, Halberg was leading, with Hewson nicely placed and a bunched field right behind. Lincoln took the lead at the 800-meter mark in 2:00.3, with his compatriot Landy last and myself just in front of him. At the bell the entire field was fantastically gathered within a mere six yards. Lincoln, Hewson and Richtzenhain was the order of the leaders. I was back in 10th place but I was very much in touch with the leaders, for the pace at this stage of the race was not troubling me. I knew I could not afford to allow anyone to break into a lead at this vital stage of the race so I moved out wide to allow myself a clear run about 350 yards from the finish. As we went down the backstretch for the last time Hewson was forging away in the lead. Suddenly Landy sprinted and I reacted immediately, slipping into his wake and following him as we passed the stragglers of the other competitors. I knew if I were to win I would have to make one and only one decisive move. I restrained myself as long as possible, and about 150 yards from the finish I opened up with everything I had. Within 10 yards I was in the lead and going away from the field. I knew nobody was going to pass me, for my legs were pumping like pistons, tired but not going to give in to anybody. My heart swelled with joy as I approached the tape 10 feet clear of the rest of the field, and as I burst through I threw my arms wide in exultation. I could hardly believe I had won. My eyes swelled with tears, and I dropped to my knees in a prayer of thanksgiving. John Landy, who finished third, came over to me, helped me to my feet and warmly congratulated me. The Australian crowd was showing its sportsmanship by generously applauding me.

It was the happiest day of my life. I had set out to win the Olympic 1,500-meter crown, and with the help of Jumbo Elliott I had achieved my goal. The rest of my athletic career would always be a sort of anticlimax. I was plagued by in-

jures later on and I never again had the same driving ambition. But on that day in Melbourne I was grateful to so many people—my parents, my early coaches in Ireland, Jumbo and John Landy—who had inspired me with confidence and example.

From now on I was an Olympic champion. To this very day the aftereffects linger on. Whether it is New York, London, Paris or Dublin, I enjoy the friendship and the welcome of athletes and officials alike. I have long since retired from active participation but I find that every sports fraternity I encounter renders me respect because I am an Olympic champion. It is as if you are a living part of history. One can break world records, as I did in my time, and they are forgotten. But when you win an Olympic title you live on as part of the sport after you retire from active competition. There are responsibilities to live up to also. I am always conscious of the need to give youth good example by word and action. I believe as an Olympic champion I should keep in good physical trim—I don't want to hear someone remark about me one day, "See that fat slob over there?" He won the Olympics way back in 1936." And the answer, "No, not him. You're kidding me."

A great subject of debate in Ireland even to this day is, "Would Delany have won the Olympics if he had not gone to Villanova?" I think I can answer that question once and for all. There is no doubt in my mind that I would not have won an Olympic title if I had remained in Ireland. I benefited and developed under the expert tuition of Jumbo Elliott. I learned tactical sense from my many skirmishes on the hoard tracks. And above all I competed against the best competition available week after week, year after year, throughout the U.S., whether it was a native son like Tom Courtney or a foreign import like John Landy.

I am eternally grateful that I was afforded the opportunity of living in America and attending Villanova University. My education has helped me to achieve a good standard of living in my own country, and my athletic experiences are enough to fill a lifetime with memories. I have more than reaped a rich harvest from the effort I have put into track and field!

END



IRISH BUSINESSMAN ON HIS WAY TO WORK

Philippe Cousteau, the 27-year-old son of French Oceanographer Jacques Cousteau, is trying, like his father, to document life in the sea. Jacques does it the hard way, but Philippe is going him one better—or one worse. He intends to film the mating and birth of the gray whales while flying, by parasail, a few feet above them. Practicing in San Diego Bay recently, Philippe was slammed into the water and knocked unconscious when his towline broke, but he left on schedule for the gray whale's mating ground, Scammon's Lagoon, in Baja California. One hopes he took a stronger towline. Scammon's Lagoon is full of sharks.

"Obviously, darling, he threw it from San Francisco to my apartment," **Tallulah Bankhead** recently told a friend, explaining how the baseball **Willie Mays** had autographed for her made it to New York. For all Tallulah knows, he really did throw it, since, as she points out, "Duh-

ling, I don't get my own mail. I don't go down to the letter box—my mail is brought up to me." Mailed, hurried or sent by dog-sled, the baseball arrived, with "Tallulah" and "Best wishes, Willie Mays" written on it. Tallulah knew it, adding a little lipstick, and now the ball is "hidden away" with some other prized possessions. Miss Bankhead has been a Giant fan since Willie was a boy and a Willie fan from the time he was grown enough to play for her team. "He thrills me," she says, "the way Caruso used to."

"It was the first time I ever went to El Morocco without getting stoned," **Rocky Graziano** reported recently. The historic occasion was a luncheon held to celebrate the launching of *Weight Watchers Magazine*, a monthly publication that has just gone on sale for 30¢ a copy. The launching was accomplished without champagne, since not drinking champagne is one of the things weight watchers do

but Rocky and the other assembled guests were offered **Bloody Marys** (bloody Marys sans vodka), **Dolphin's Delights** (clam, tomato and celery juices), **Mint Tulips** (mint leaves, low-calorie sweetener and low-calorie ginger ale) and **Sauerkraut Juice Cocktail** (lemon juice, caraway seeds and sauerkraut juice). "Six of these," says Len Mogel, publisher of *Weight Watchers Magazine*, "and you don't get bombed." Bombed, no. Pickled, yes.

Anyone who wants to Buy Brash but has all the Pears Soap and Boveri he can use might send for a **Ride-A-Roo**, shown left and below **Ernauld Shinwell**, M.P. and Miss **Lillian Board**. The **Ride-A-Roo** is a red rubber ball, almost five feet around, with a handle. "The rider straddles the ball, grasps the handle and bounds up and down," our correspondent advises, "being careful not to bound over backward." Miss Board, Britain's star quarter-miler, says doubtfully, "I guess it's quite good fun, but it does take a fair amount of lung power to keep it going. I mean, you've really got to make your legs work at it," and 83-year-old Shinwell, "Father of the House of Commons," says, "I did enjoy bouncing on the ball, but I'm not sure I conformed to all that is required." These seem rather cautious recommendations, and when one learns in addition that the ball has "a nasty tendency to explode" one is tempted to forget the whole thing.

During his tour of New Hampshire, Governor **George Romney's** sporting efforts were unimpressive: the undertook to show a women's bowling league how it is done and had to roll 34 balls to knock down 10 candlepins, but he was looking a little better in Wisconsin last week. He turned up at the Milwaukee YMCA at 6:30 a.m. to run and play basketball. The Y's asso-

tant physical director, Norbert Grnar, said that the governor managed to make a few shots "from 20 to 25 feet out, and that's pretty good." As for the jogging, "He told us he feels running consistently is more important than running hard every four or five days." No doubt Romney disapproves of those who say they don't run at all.

They are keeping busy in Canadian YMCAs, too. Governor **Roland Michener**, 67, recently led off the Cross-The-World run (we do not know why it is called the Cross-The-World run, unless the Y members all belong to the International Flat Earth Society) in a Montreal gym, where members propose to jog and sprint 40,000 miles. This will take them, symbolically, through 36 countries. His Excellency's two laps got the project off, symbolically, to a good start. Practically, the runners have 1,130,098 laps to go.

England's **Prince Andrew** will become a cub scout next month when he joins eight friends in the 1st St. Marylebone pack, which is already meeting for security reasons, in the ball supper room of Buckingham Palace. "Mainly it was because we were the group nearest the palace and seemed to have the right religious orientation," says Pack Leader **Leonard Clark**. Religions represented are Anglican, Roman Catholic and Jewish, and the cub's fathers include a chief fire officer, a bank caretaker and an upholsterer. Though he cannot join formally until after his eighth birthday, Andrew will attend his first meeting this week. "Just to go along with the rest, learning to tie knots and that sort of thing," as a palace spokesman puts it. Learning to tie knots may teach the prince a great deal, but he will never have the test in self-reliance that is going to face his fellow cubs when they have to meet the den mother.



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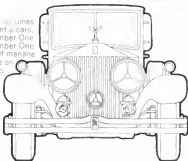


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Young tigers in the pro jungle

Marty Fleckman (below) swings a golf club the way Byron Nelson taught him, hits a golf ball farther than Arnold Palmer and plays with equipment designed by Jack Nicklaus. So perhaps it should not be difficult to understand why Fleckman is rated a top prospect among a group of rookie professionals who this year have given the tour its best young look since Nicklaus himself came

along in 1962 and won the U.S. Open.

Fleckman, of course, is the same fellow who last year, as an amateur, led the U.S. Open at Baltusrol after three days before collapsing with a final-round 80. "Sure, I still think about that Sunday afternoon," Fleckman said last week. "I had no real confidence, that's all. And when I started off poorly everything came apart. I know one thing, that wasn't the first 80 I ever shot in a tournament, and it won't be the last one either."

Fleckman, who is 23, is only one of seven young golfers and two somewhat older ones who comprise what Billy Casper claims is "easily the best crop of new players ever to hit the tour at once." The most experienced pro among the group is Britain's Tony Jacklin, 23, the son of a lorry driver in Scunthorpe, England. Jacklin has been a professional since 1962, but qualifies as a rookie since he has never been on the tour. A sound player, as he proved at the Masters last year when he finished in a tie for 16th, Tony decided the U.S. tour would be more rewarding than the European circuit and will concentrate his competition here this season. Another skilled foreigner is 19-year-old Bobby Cole, still at home in South Africa but expected to join the tour shortly. Cole, who weighs only 135 pounds and cannot swim—he reportedly almost drowned a few months ago while on a fishing trip in Australia with another of the year's interesting youngsters, Peter Townsend—won the 1966 British Amateur and last year's monstrous eight-round rookie school tournament held by the PGA in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.

Many of the rookies are graduates of amateur and collegiate programs in the U.S. Bob Murphy, 24, looks like Billy Casper before the buffalo diet, but he has won both the U.S. Amateur and NCAA championships. Rick Rhoads, 22, went to Southern California, where at 135 pounds he never was a threat to O. J. Simpson but managed to score pretty well just the same. Last fall he won the Caracas Open. Ron Cerrudo, 22, Jim Grant, 25, and Bob Smith, 25, never have won any major championships, but all have strong, sound games. Smith, in fact, is sponsored on the tour by Ed Lowery, the Monterey, Calif. automobile dealer who started Ken Venturi. The two somewhat older rookies are Denne Beman, 29, and Lee Elder,

28. Beman has won both the U.S. Amateur (twice) and the British Amateur. Not a long hitter, Denne is exceptionally accurate (he reached 100 of the first 108 greens in regulation at the rookie school in Florida) and has a remarkable short game. Elder is practically unknown. He plays out of the Langston Golf Course in Washington and now joins Charley Sifford and Pete Brown as the only Negro regulars on the tour. Last year Elder won 18 of 23 tournaments on the Negro United Golf Association tour, and in his first two events this year he won \$2,300, including \$1,300 at the Crosby, where he finished tied for 19th. "Lee has a complete game," says Casper, who played with him at the Southern California Open early in January.

Fleckman's golfing background is just as solid. He played at the University of Houston—which has its own alumni club on the tour—won the NCAA championship and was a member of the Walker Cup team last year. More than anything, however, it was his showing in the Open that convinced Fleckman that he could play the tour regularly. So in October he attended the PGA's rookie school and earned his ATP (Approved Tournament Player) degree, something that can be more rewarding than a Ph.D. Then he went to Lafayette, La. to play in the year's last tournament, the Cajun Classic.

Normally a rookie suffers the following misfortunes when he joins the tour: 1) He shoots 81-79 and misses the 36-hole cut in a tournament. He packs his clothes and clubs, maybe even his family, drives most of the night to the site of the next tournament and practices all Saturday and Sunday. 2) He tees off at 6:54 a.m. in the pretournament qualifying round on Monday and shoots a 77. Since 163 golfers are competing for 27 places, he does not quite make it and does not sleep well that night. 3) He spends six hours at the practice tee on Tuesday, then begins to worry about his confidence when another pro says to him kiddingly, "With that swing, no wonder you're having problems." 4) He thinks about his swing, decides he has to change his game and goes home, wherever that is, to practice for six months. He may never muster the nerve to try the tour again.

Fleckman, however, avoided all this with one burst of brilliance. At the Ca-



jun, in his first official pro event, he birdied the 71st and 72nd holes of regulation play and the first hole of a playoff against Jack Montgomery to win the \$5,000 first-place money. The cash was only incidental, however, because the victory also automatically exempted Fleckman from the weekly qualifying ritual for all events on this year's tour. "That exemption is worth about \$25,000, a lot of sleep and no ulcers," says Rocky Thompson, a pro who has been on the tour for four years but still has not earned a qualifying pass for himself. "Marty doesn't have to worry about one bad round or one bad tournament because he can play again the next day or the next week. You don't really know what it feels like when you've got to go out on a Monday morning and shoot a 69 just to get into a tournament."

It was not without some soul-searching that Fleckman decided to make the jump from amateur to pro last fall. "I considered three factors," says Fleckman. "My game—was I good enough to go out and make a living playing on the tour? My capital—where was I going to get the finances to survive until I won some money? And my wife because a wife can make or break you on the tour. Fortunately, Sandy—yes, she was my high school sweetheart back in Port Arthur, Texas—and I both are nonconformists and do what we want all the time. And she always dresses properly and things like that, so I don't have to sit around a clubhouse wondering what she looks like and where she is today. I couldn't play golf if I had that on my mind every day."

When Marty was at the University of Houston he could hit the ball as far as anyone, but it rarely came down in the fairway. Enter Byron Nelson, a master of disciplined golf. "Dave Williams, our coach at school, wrote to Mr. Nelson," says Fleckman. "Dave told him that I wanted to be a great player. The next week I went to a pro-am in Odessa and introduced myself to Mr. Nelson, and he watched me play a few holes. Then he had to leave, and I didn't see him the rest of the day. I was leaving immediately for a tournament in the Midwest, so I called him and asked if he could give me anything to work on." That was in 1965. Since that time Nelson has counseled Fleckman countless times, and only two weeks ago, at the Crosby, Marty spent more than an hour

swinging a club in Byron's suite as the old shotmaker tried to stop him from sliding through the ball too soon before impact and consequently hitting everything well to the right. Some touring pros think that Fleckman's swing is too stationary, that he does not move his body through the ball well enough, and that he flips the club during his downswing. However, as Casper says, "No one has a perfect swing. Everyone should have a swing of his own. And Fleckman's swing is fine for what he does."

Despite the stories that appeared during last year's U.S. Open, the Fleckmans are not millionaire Texans who hate in oil. They are in the lumber business, and neither Marty's father nor any relatives are sponsoring him on the tour. "There's only one way to come out here," he says, "and that's with your own money. So I borrowed \$6,500 from a bank and bought a new car right away. I had only \$500 left, with another loan application ready to be filled out, when Babe Henke and I each won \$1,140 at the Haig & Haig four-ball last November. Since then I guess I've been pretty lucky."

It costs Fleckman and his wife between \$350 and \$400 a week to make the tour, but he manages to save a few dimes by filling his pockets with sugar packets from clubhouse grillrooms. Since turning pro, Marty has earned almost \$8,000 in prize money. He also signed with MacGregor for a cash bonus and now uses their "VIP" Nicklaus clubs, with two slight modifications in the forging. He has not yet become affiliated with any clothing manufacturer, but he has acquired an agent to handle such matters, should they arise.

Life on the tour has been pretty much what Fleckman expected it to be. "You make your own friends, go your own way and do what you want," he says. "Everyone has been pretty good. When I turned pro I remember that Jack Nicklaus made a special trip to the tee to wish me good luck, and that's something I didn't expect anyone to do. No one out here plays up to anyone else, that's for sure. Why should they? At the Open last year some writers said that Palmer snubbed me. He didn't. He said 'Hi' to me when he saw me. What do people expect? All I expected was 'Hi.' I'm certainly not going to go around and play up to any other pro. And I don't expect anyone to play up to me."

END



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Boos and a beating for Tommie

Tommie Smith stood on the lowest of the three award platforms on the floor of the Los Angeles Sports Arena. The names of Jim Kemp, the surprising winner of the 440-yard dash at the Los Angeles Invitational Track Meet, and Vince Matthews, who placed second, were announced. Then Smith's name echoed from the loudspeakers, and the crowd booted. Smith took the attaché case that was the third-place award, smiled and turned to shake Kemp's hand. Then he paused, tall and erect in his blue sweat suit, as Kemp, looking slightly embarrassed, hurried off the winners' stand. Meet officials and other athletes frowned and stared into the crowd in disbelief. Only Smith seemed unperturbed as the booing continued.

"I think I expected it to happen," he said afterwards, "and in some ways maybe I'm kind of glad. I think I would have been disappointed if I had gotten no reaction from people like these. If they felt upset enough to boo me I guess I must have had a pretty strong effect on their consciences."

Indoor-track audiences have been known to voice their displeasure with star athletes who have had nights, but Smith knew very well that he was not being booed because he had taken 50 seconds to run a distance that he has handled in indoor world-record time of 46.2. After all, Bob Seagrén had failed to win the pole vault, and Randy Matson didn't even make it to the final round in the shotput, yet neither of these world-record holders was booed. Smith, on the other hand, heard scattered boos when he was introduced before the race and then deafening cheers when it became clear that he was losing—the only

time he has ever been beaten in an indoor quarter mile.

Smith and his close friend, Lee Evans, are among the leaders of the proposed Negro boycott of this year's Olympics, to protest racial discrimination in the U.S. Few athletes, and fewer reporters and track fans, have agreed with them. In the two months since Tommie declared himself for the boycott he has listened to many calm, rational arguments against his position. "Most people want to advise us," Smith said. "They say that they agree with our complaints about discrimination but that we're fighting it the wrong way. We still think that we're using the best means we have." Last weekend, in the most dramatic moment of an otherwise unspectacular meet, he confronted the first raw emotional reaction to what he is doing.

"I heard the boos as I lined up," he said, "but I didn't stop to think about them. I had other things to worry about." His main worry was his starting position in the inside lane, a disadvantage in the indoor 440. From the staggered start the inside runner must race at full speed into and around the first turn or else lose the pole position to an outside man and risk getting boxed in.

Kemp, a talented runner who is at his best indoors, burst off the blocks in the third lane, went all-out and beat Smith around the turn. "When I looked to the inside," Kemp said, "I didn't see Tommie. So I cut over to the pole and just kept running."

For the rest of the race, people waited for Tommie to turn on his great speed, but he never had a real chance to get going. "Twice when I wanted to move I

was boxed in," he said. "They certainly didn't do it intentionally. It's just the way indoor track is." Smith finally eased back and tried to go around the leaders on the outside, but he lost ground on the turns and failed to close very much on Kemp and Matthews.

"I heard all that wild cheering as I came toward the wire," said Kemp. "Usually you hear that when somebody is closing very fast. I looked for Tommie, and I was surprised when I saw that he wasn't catching me."

Kemp's time was a slow 49.5. "I think that new Tartan track may have been a little slower than regular boards," he said, "but I'm thrilled to beat Tommie no matter how slow the race was."

He became a little less thrilled when he realized that all the cheering was less for his clever race than it was for Smith's defeat. A 23-year-old Negro from Birmingham, Ala., Kemp was obviously uncomfortable in his role as a kind of substitute white hope of the crowd. "That booing was terrible," he said. "I respect Tommie as an athlete, and I respect his opinions. I'm just sorry that a good race has to be turned into a political thing."

Kemp has remained out of the boycott debates. "First of all, I'm in the Army, and I'm in no position to say anything. Besides, I don't know enough about it to get involved." His background gives him a unique view of racial problems. "I grew up with a white boy as my best friend," he said. "I know that sounds strange in Alabama, but we happened to have parents who raised us to think all people are the same. We were just country kids who never were taught to discriminate or hate. I know



TOMMIE SMITH (59) SWINGS WIDE IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO CATCH WINNER JIM KEMP (RIGHT)

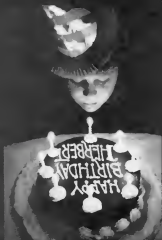
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that the problems Tommie is concerned about do exist, but I've never been close enough to them to feel the way he does."

Smith took the loss gracefully. "I'm not that disappointed," he said. "I met two very fast men, and I got beat. That's all there was to it. I guess I can accept it more easily than a lot of the people in the crowd could."

The race was Tommie's second of the winter. He had won a slow 300-yard dash in San Francisco two weeks earlier and had been cheered by the crowd.

"Maybe the people in San Francisco know me a little better," he said, "so they can respect my right to speak out on something I believe in. Down here, obviously, the people didn't feel that I deserved that respect."

In post-race interviews Smith was again offered free advice along with the reporters' questions. One man gave him a long, soft-spoken lecture about Negro professional athletes who have decided "to live their own lives and not get involved with other people." Tommie listened patiently and then said, "I just don't see it that way. Those guys can take their big money and ignore the people who don't have anything. I can't help seeing what's happening to others." At the moment he is particularly worried about what has happened to his friend and co-leader of the boycott movement, Professor Harry Edwards of San Jose State. "Harry has been 'under investigation,'" he said, "and they held back his salary for a while. If he can go through all that, I guess I can stand a few boos."

A widespread Olympic boycott now seems very remote. The athletes who proposed it will have another meeting during the spring season, and it is possible that Smith and Evans eventually will abandon their lonely crusade because of lack of agreement from enough other Negroes. But as of now neither has changed his mind. Over and over in Los Angeles, Smith was asked if he wasn't having doubts about the whole thing. "No," he answered, slowly and carefully. "I haven't had any second thoughts at all. Incidents like the one tonight only make me more convinced that I'm doing the right thing. I realize now that a lot of people are hoping I'll lose races so that they can stop paying attention to what I have to say. But I won't let them bother me. I'll go on and try to win and stand up for what I believe in."

END

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THE
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BY FRANK DEFORD



Spouting Scripture instead of statistics, mixing Milton with backwoods banter, Bill Currie—a man sporting an omniscient memory and an omnipresent Piedmont drawl—inundates Carolina with play-by-plays on the air and everything from sermons to bawdy ballads off it



CONTINUED

When they were through introducing just about everybody there in the Moose Lodge in Monroe, N.C.—the Door Closer Capital of the World—and were finally down to Joe Ross and Spud Smith, who were co-chairmen of the festivities, Bill Benton, the M.C., brought forward the man they really were all waiting to hear. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," Bill Benton said, "the Mouth of the South." Bill Currie rose and, following the sound of his voice, found his way to the microphone.

Lord, but that old boy can talk. He makes 125 speeches a year, sometimes three a day. They can be folksy and amusing, like the one here in Monroe for Industrial Appreciation Night. They can be inspirational and uplifting, if the audience is, say, for the high school lettermen. Currie can make the boys cry and the parents, too, and sometimes the teachers. And for a few more dollars the Mouth of the South will cry himself. "I can cry as good as old William Jennings Bryan himself," he says. His speeches before stag assemblages are steeped in vulgarity and keep the boys guffawing to each other in the men's rooms for the rest of the week.

If a preacher asks Bill to come over and address a church group, Currie is just as liable to come over and preach. He gives hell to the Episcopalians and hell and brimstone to the Baptists. "The hand of God is upon this man," the Baptist minister cried out after Currie had let his congregation have it. Currie agreed. The hand was, in fact, oppressive. Currie was still hung over from the night before.

He does all this speaking on the side. For a steady job Currie handles two sports shows a day on WSOC-TV Charlotte, interview shows with various North Carolina coaches and a dozen or so play-by-play football games a year. Last season he did 74 college basketball games. Mostly he works alone, without a color announcer. "A color announcer," Currie says, "is a guy who is paid to talk when everyone goes to the bathroom."

He undoubtedly is the most controversial and popular (or unpopular) sportscaster in the South since the late Claire Mosher and probably the most famous college announcer in the whole country. WSOC pushes him like he was the hottest thing since Haddacol. There are 109 billboards with Currie's face on them in the Charlotte area, which is about one Bill Currie billboard for every 3,000 people. His picture is on most of the packs of matches in town as well as on restaurant sugar-cube wrappers, making him, he says, "the Charlotte area's last line of defense against LSD." Next they are planning to put his face on catsup envelopes, and an entrepreneur wants to use Currie's name for a new restaurant.

While the face is all over Charlotte, the mouth is all over North Carolina. Currie's games are broadcast on the Tar Heel network, which is the largest state college net-

work in the nation and which includes as many as 62 stations. Currie's voice wafts into every membrane of the Tar Heel State, from those shiny coastal resorts through the amber waves of tobacco and pines of the Piedmont into the crevasses and moonshine hollows of the Blue Ridge.

Currie's Tar Heel network is, theoretically, a vehicle of the University of North Carolina, but that turns out to be only a point of wireless embarkation. After he is through blocking out the Tar Heel schedule Currie scouts around and fills up every free night with any other game he can unearth. Duke, Wake Forest, N.C. State, Davidson, even into South Carolina for Clemson or Furman—it doesn't make any difference. The Mouth of the South broadcasts them all.

The rest of the time he is speaking in person. The night after the Moose Lodge in Monroe it was Gastonia, and then Greensboro. He's knocked 'em dead in Kannapolis, Shelby, Paw Creek, Spring Hope, Scotland Neck and Haw River. The Fourth of July he was the star in the parade at Faith. He even has his own agent now and once he even dared follow Norman Vincent Peale's act. Most places, of course, they know him well before he gets to town. They knew him in Monroe, for instance, because there is a group of 30 or 40 basketball nuts who gather regularly to hear every single Tar Heel game. Someone keeps the pictures of the Atlantic Coast Conference players and the statistics of the game on the blackboard, but the rule is that cathedral silence must be maintained when Currie is doing the play-by-play. For one thing, he is so unpredictable no one wants to miss anything. The other thing is the game.

It is the same way at banquets. Here one minute in Monroe he is spewing folksy old stories about cows and country stores and commodores. He says "later" and "down the road a piece" and "from tooth to toenail" and "more money than a show dog can jump over" and things like that, but just as quickly he might start quoting Shakespeare and Spinoza and poet laureates of the state and not only quoting Milton, but citing *where* the quote came from in Milton, as he had done the night before in Charlotte. The words suddenly pour out as if they came from a thesaurus. "What are you doing to me?" one distracted listener wrote Currie. "One minute you're saying, 'He done turned it over,' and the next minute you are describing a man's look as 'unploring' or 'woebegone.'"

And Currie regularly uses even better words than that. Yes, indeed he does. In fact, realizing that it will be impossible for him to keep up this broadcasting pace for too many more years, Currie eventually wants to retire to the academic cloisters. Unfortunately, before he can become a professor he will need to return to college for another semester or so to gain a bachelor's degree.

He is, however, a true man of learning. Last winter, in

continued

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those occasional moments between games, he managed to read and study every word that Plato ever wrote. He has read most of the great classics and philosophers. He owns six sets of encyclopedias. "On a rainy day," he says, "all the book salesmen get together and say, 'Let's go see Currie and make some money.'" He is writing a book himself. It is a literate, somewhat vulgar, somewhat disjointed collection of reminiscences and thoughts. It is thoroughly entertaining, and a publisher is panting with anticipation, waiting for Currie to finish it.

His knowledge of the basics and nuances of the major religions is such that he is often referred to as "Reverend Currie." Feeling that they would put him in his place, members of the ACC Sportswriters Association asked him to give the invocation before their annual meeting. Though stunned, Currie promptly rose, shifted to his best preacher's voice and, one by one, graphically asked forgiveness for those present. To wit, "Please forgive Bill Jones for trying to pick up the blonde waitress in Durham last October 12." They never asked him to do the invocation again.

More seriously, the Reverend has not only read the Bible in its entirety, but he has also read the Book of Mormon. He spends long road trips discussing religious philosophy with Dean Smith, the erudite North Carolina coach. "Bill puts a lot on," Smith says. "The truth is, he is really one of the deepest men I have ever met."

Because he is more entertaining and offers a greater variety in his choice of subject matter, he attracts a wider range of listeners than do most sports announcers. Women are among his greatest fans. A man came up to him before he spoke at a Charlotte banquet. "My wife isn't so smart," the man said, shaking his head, "but she thinks you're the greatest announcer around."

"Well, I think she's pretty smart," Currie replied, "except I wonder how she got stuck with you."

"You'll come up to Charlotte any time at all you want to kiss me," he told the clique of female admirers who surrounded him after his speech the next night in Monroe. "Look," he explained later, "women are just as loyal, and they count just as much in the ratings as all the guys who know the earned run averages."

However, the Mouth of the South is not to be confused with your matinee idols. He has a pleasant country visage, with a full head of sandy hair and blue puppy-dog eyes. He tends to chubbiness when not on his Metreol and bourbon diet ("No, madam, I don't mean the two together"). He is 43 and possesses no athletic ability whatsoever. He prefers a golf cart when he plays, which he does all the time, diligently but without discernible improvement.

He is the first to admit that he is, technically, not much better as an announcer. "First of all," he says, "I'm just too damn southern. A really good announcer, one of those guys with the rolling sonorous tones, told me once: 'Currie, your voice sounds like it just dropped the reins



In his car Currie passes one of 100 billboards bearing his likeness.

and came up out of the furrow." His voice is a little lower now from all the work it has gotten, but he used to sing high tenor with a gospel quartet for the noon hymn of the day for the sick and shut-in at High Point. Actually, his success strictly is in what he says, and there are no listeners neutral to Bill Currie. Like him or not, he is a voice in the crowd of all those Brylcreemed, Baritone, toneless mastiffs who wallow in the sameness and statistics of sports "audio."

The folks in Catawasa, Pa. chipped in last year to obtain the Carolina basketball broadcast, since one of the Tar Heel stars, Larry Miller, comes from Catawasa. "They loved him at home," Miller says. "Sometimes they weren't quite sure what Bill was doing—it's kind of a different broadcast he gives you—but he was a big hit, and they're bringing all the games in this year."

"You know, on the team Bill he makes us call him Bill instead of Mr. Currie—is thought of strictly as one of us, and I think he's the greatest guy on the team. You can talk to him about anything, no matter how personal. He's like an adviser, and yet he's one of us. Of course, that kind of balls you when you go on the air with him. He doesn't ask what you're used to. One time he was interviewing me with Bobby Lewis, and all of a sudden he said, 'Do you think you're as good as you're supposed to be?' Now what do you say? But he got me out of it. He never leaves you embarrassed for too long."

"Sports announcers nowadays are about as colorless as a glass of gin," Currie says. "They are so immersed in themselves, so determined to pontificate about what really is nothing more than a game that they have forgotten that sports are supposed to be fun."

"Most of them are like a bunch of barbers cutting each other's hair. They emulate each other and fawn over each other on the air, and the same dull, successful ones show up everywhere. It is just as Matthew wrote: 'Unto every-

continued

one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.' The broken-down old ballplayers are the worst, but almost all are equally appalling. Do you notice how they always say thank you to each other every time? You know, like: 'What do you think of that, Fred?'

"Thank you, Jim. He's one of the hardest runners we've seen in this great game of football in a long time."

"Thank you, Fred." That's what they call an analysis. I was watching some golf tournament the other day, and one of those guys, Beard or someone, sinks a putt. He sank a putt. But on television now such an earthshaking event veritably begs analysis, so they sent it right down to Cary Middlecoff. I'll never forget it. He says: 'Thank you, Jim. Yes, that was a real pressure putt. A key one. And, Jim, he's one of the grandest guys on the tour. Back to you.' If this is really what is wanted, I guess there is just no hope at all for a bull artist like myself."

He leans back and easily talks of himself, as candidly and critically as he would of some strange foreign object. The public happy-go-lucky image is as severely juxtaposed to the private man as his country drawl is to his fluid command of the classics. Currie's ulcerated stomach has hemorrhaged four times, the last one being almost fatal. He is separated from his wife. Unduly fearful of hoodlums, he carries a loaded pistol most of the time. His office is dominated by a huge, macabre 5-foot-by-4-foot picture of himself lying flat out in a splendid half-closed coffin. He is winking. (The picture so frightens the janitors that they will not enter his office to clean it up.) "Bill is on about 90% of the time," says his close friend Jack Callaghan, the station's program director. "You have to be prepared when suddenly he isn't." Yet, despite some dark thoughts, Currie—who has undergone extensive psychiatric treatment—always is fully in command of himself. He possesses great self perspective. He is very contented.

"I really can't announce," he says. "I just try to project warmth and folksiness as a defense mechanism against trying to do it the right way and failing. I am not really this easygoing, you know. The first time I spoke in public I had to absolutely force myself. It was just the high school debating team, but to me the audience looked about 50,000 and all of them Popes. I wasn't any better when they first put me on the radio in High Point, but they gave me \$10 a game, and it was root hog or go hungry. Basically I am timid and shy, so every time I am in public it is unnatural for me."

Currie possesses almost total recall—if he likes something. And, indeed, once he memorizes something it never leaves his mind but just falls into a deep recess, where it lies dormant among the other miscellaneous information there until a cue in conversation or a ball game suddenly makes it surface, intact. His most stirring and most requested renditions are of *Cuey at the Bat*, *Dangerous Dan McGrew* (legitimate and blue versions), *If, Thantopolis* and

various Biblical and Shakespearean passages; but his full repertoire includes ditties, homilies, nonsense rhymes, aphorisms—homely and wise—slogans and more than 1,000 songs. He figures he can sing almost any song that has been high on the Hit Parade since 1935.

Currie assimilated many of the poesses from his parents, both of whom were given to such expression. His father, William Hay Currie Sr., was a traveling salesman specializing in soap, pianos and zithers. His favorite adage was "Don't get mad, get even." He bought a circus once, but tired of it, strolled away from it somewhere in Arkansas and came to High Point, where he settled down to sell insurance and marry Margaret Billings of Durham.

Bill was an only child, a good student, but a better journalist. At 13 he was on the staff of the High Point daily, *The Enterprise*. At 14 he was making up the paper, and at 16 he was able to earn a full scholarship to nearby Catawba College as the school's sports publicity director.

The war interrupted, and he never did come back to Catawba. Anyway, because of his close identification with Carolina, most people perfunctorily assume that Currie went to Chapel Hill. Unless pressed, he avoids the subject so as not to discourage the assumption. After the war (he was a commissioned bombardier who never left the States) Currie came home to be a police reporter on *The Enterprise*. As far as the police were concerned this meant keeping a reciprocal eye on Currie. "I have a habit of getting mad when I sit down at a typewriter," he says.

One day a lady of little refinement was honored with a disorderly conduct fine for threatening a neighbor's children that she would "stomp their guts out." When she inquired, Currie told her that he did indeed plan to put her name in the paper. Whereupon she replied that she would "stomp your guts out, too." Currie rose to protect himself from her umbrella swipe and fell down the courthouse stairs. Shortly thereafter he became sports editor.

He was no less immune to trouble in that capacity. He wrote that the High Point star pitcher had broken training. The pitcher threatened Currie for that, and when Currie reported the threat the pitcher was suspended by the Dodger organization for the balance of the season. This did not sit well with either the pitcher or the populace. The home-town folks overturned Currie's car. Luckily he was not in it. Instead he was in the process of getting mugged by the pitcher himself down near the third-base line. He later was lucky to escape from an ugly mob brandishing knives and blackjacks. The constabulary, who had not always approved of Currie's journalistic instinct, found more important matters with which to occupy themselves during these incidents.

It was about this time that the South first began to hear its Mouth on the radio. Soon Currie was doing the play-by-plays of the minor league club in Winston-Salem for the magnificent sum of \$2 a game, home or away. It was

in Winston-Salem one afternoon that the pitcher, who was also the team's playing manager, was getting hit hard. The manager signaled the bullpen for a replacement for himself. "John Carey has just relieved himself on the mound," Currie told his fascinated listeners. Nevertheless, he was able to develop his first Tar Heel network during this period, and he even obtained backing and built his own station in High Point—WNOS. He covered every sporting event in the state, even doing the play-by-play of a marble tournament. He sang gospel and hillbilly, strummed a guitar, sold commercials, deejayed and managed the station. He also took some editorial positions. In short order Currie came out against the school board, the United Fund and the temperance movement. These attacks may best be described as brave but foolhardy.

Currie promptly was sued by the United Fund, vilified by the school board and financially pressured by the temperance interests. When Currie broadcast in favor of liquor stores for High Point his advertising precipitously dropped. He decided it was time to sell the station, but one day, just before he left, Currie drove over to Greensboro. He parked outside the package store that was closest to High Point. There he noted down the license number of each vehicle that drove up sporting the bumper sticker: KKK HIGH POINT DRY FOR CHRIST. Currie then checked his list with the Bureau of Motor Vehicles and read the names of the liquor purchasers over the air. The list included two ministers, several deacons and Sunday School teachers and a wide variety of advertisers who had removed their commercial messages from WNOS rather than associate their product with an advocate of the demon rum.

Currie sold the station for a dandy profit, then promptly went broke when he bought two weekly papers. He was able to stay one step ahead of the bank only because he and a friend, equally insolvent, would trade \$500 checks with each other each Friday. The checks, drawn on distant banks, took several days to clear, giving Currie and his friend time to restore their balances, get in debt again, exchange checks and repeat the sequence.

To create some interest in his moribund gazettes, Currie hired a clairvoyant to try to solve some of the more enchanting High Point murders. The effort failed, but it led Currie into writing true murder mysteries for most of the nation's leading cops-and-robbers journals. He still maintains this sideline, and his official WSOC biography notes proudly that Currie has been "termed for this endeavor by Charlotte Police Chief John Ingersoll as a 'muckraker.'" He has, however, actually been incarcerated only once, when he set up a sort of murder-case Tar Heel network for a celebrated trial.

What Currie did was bug the courtroom. He was broadcasting the proceedings all over the state until someone squealed to the judge. He was angry enough, but when he called Currie to the bench and learned that the offending wire ran directly under his own chair, the judge became

infuriated and dispatched Currie to jail for contempt. Currie was, however, providently lodged in the cell next to the famous defendant himself and came away with a real "inside" scoop for his listeners.

Currie finally abandoned his papers and went to Raleigh to manage station WRAL. He stayed there for seven years, taking it to No. 1 in the market. He also continued to do play-by-plays for the Tar Heel network, though he no longer ran it, and he became convinced that he would rather announce than manage. So one day his boss, an earnest proponent of civic responsibility, demanded that Currie lend his local prominence to the Civitan Club by assisting in the organization's fund-raising, door-to-door toilet paper sale. Currie said he would buy \$25 worth of toilet paper himself, which would be more than he could

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE ROBERTS



Resting, Currie poses under that of Currie resting permanently.

sell. "I am just one of these people who can't sell toilet paper," he explained. The boss would not relent. So, over toilet paper Currie quit.

He went to a station in Wilsoe, reformed the crumbling Tar Heel network, and then shifted it to WSOC's aegis when he moved there four years ago. Three of those four years he won the state's Sportscenter of the Year award; he also won it in 1959. No other announcer has ever won it twice. He has also won an award in Charlotte for his work with youth. He does not talk much about that, though, for it would embarrass his supposed posture as a cynical reprobate.

There is little else that he will not talk about. Despite his reputation as a big mouth, however, Currie is better defined as a conversationalist—which is to say that he knows how to listen. His interviews are good, because he asks provocative, different questions and then shuts up if he receives a response in kind. "People like to listen to me, I think, because I communicate," he says, sliding into his secondhand Lincoln Continental, pistol at his side, off for another speech. "The world at large is being taken over by what I call club talk. This concerns an endless bubble about three subjects: golf, cards and the Saturday-night dance. I play golf, I play bridge. I play gin rummy. In high school, anyway, I was voted the best dancer in my class. Games are to be played. Music is to be played. They are not to be employed as the human race's last means of communication.

"But club talk is taking over the country. Sports announcing is basically just amplified club talk now. The corporation man is spilling over into it. For instance, symptomatic of the organizational man in both sportscasting and writing is the overemphasis with the damn coach. You must glorify the executive, not the performer. Everything is concentrated on the managerial aspects. I want to talk to the players. I want to bring these kids onto television and show that they are not jockstraps with numbers on their backs. Tell about them—not just what they did, but who they are. Those are people out there playing games. They have parents and girl friends. They run out of money, flunk courses and occasionally get in trouble. Don't give me statistics. They appeal only to the 5%; lunatic fringe of sports fans who know all the damn statistics and records anyway. An announcer is covering an event—the complete scene. He should tell you what you're missing. Paint the whole picture. Tell 'em what the band is playing, how the hot dogs taste and what color drawers the cheerleaders are wearing.

"Now I don't think it is all the announcers' faults. Primarily it is the directors, the real organization men. They are technicians. That is how they develop. They have no concept of entertainment. Just techniques. What they try

to say on television now is this: look at us, we have all this fantastic equipment and incredible technique, and we are going to show you sports fans this afternoon that we can use every goddam bit of this equipment, incidentally bring you the game and not mess it up.

"This is heresy, I know, but I question the rationale behind using the instant replay and the isolated camera and all those things all the time. Now who on God's green earth really wants to see, in slow motion, how the tackle moved out? Now you think about that. People have been going to football games for 100 years, and no one has yet watched a tackle. Why? Well, tackles are dull things to watch. Television says, now we have this isolated camera and we are damn well going to show you how the tackle moves out. They say it will heighten your understanding of the game. Maybe, but not of the event. All this wonderful equipment, and they concentrate on the wrong, dull things. Maybe I'm wrong, but it bores me. It bores all the women and a lot of men not in that lunatic fringe. The best way to execute me is to bore me. No wonder everybody drinks so much."

Of course, as Currie accuses others of not being entertaining enough, his detractors accuse him of being too entertaining, at the expense of the action. "If I ever neglect something on the field, then I admit it, and I am wrong," he says. "Don't mistake what I say. I don't pretend that my style, my banner is anything but the glockenspiel in the band. It is nothing but the dingdong in the din."

Currie's rule of thumb is the later the game, the closer the score, the fewer the jokes. But if it is a rout, there is no telling to what lengths he will go to avoid getting too involved with the insipid action. He'll recite a poem, say hello to somebody in an Elks Club somewhere, speculate on his chances of reaching the men's room soon or just plain entreat his audience to bear with him and this awful contest. "Hang on," he'll say, "and I promise to tell a funny soon." Or, "Don't y'all leave now folks, 'cause I'm hable to goof up something soon, and you shore don't want to miss that."

For that matter, Currie enjoys his flubs as much as anyone else does. In his office, on a wall across from his funeral portrait, he has posted this sentiment by a fellow North Carolinian, Josh Billings: "The glory consists not so much in winning as in playing a poor hand well." For a guy who earns his living talking all the time with a voice that sounds like it just dropped the reins and stumbled out of the furrow, this is a very apt motto.

It is also, really, a very moral expression—as, in fact, Currie is a much more moral man than he likes to let on—just a cool, card-playing restatement of that corny old saw that decorates the office walls of corny old coaches everywhere. In Bill Currie's case that would read: "When the great scorer comes to mark against your name He writes not whether you won or lost, but how you called the game."

END



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH 1. NORTH CAROLINA (11-1) 2. TENNESSEE (10-2) 3. VANDERBILT (12-3)

There was no way that Georgia could possibly win in Lexington. Because Kentucky would be on the road the rest of the month, school officials decided to honor Adolph Rupp as the winningest college coach in history. Never mind that a win over Georgia would be only The Baron's 770th—one less than Karna's Phog Allen. They were certain the Wildcats would get Rupp the record in their next two games. Before 11,600 in Memorial Coliseum, including many former players who showered praise on the old coach, Georgia cooperated nicely, losing 104-73. But the kudos for Coach Rupp turned out to be premature. Auburn, beaten by Vanderbilt 74-65 earlier in the week, refused to roll over and play dead. Alex Howell ruffled the Wildcats with a succession of long shots for 25 points and, when sophomore Mike Casey foolishly fouled Auburn's Tom Perry in the backcourt with 38 seconds to go, Kentucky was in trouble. Perry calmly made two free throws, and

the Tigers held on to win 74-73. "We blew it," admitted Rupp disappointedly.

The one thing Tennessee does best is play defense. The Vols clearly demonstrated that when Florida came to town. Their 1-3-1 zone swarmed all over the Gators' talented 6' 11" Neil Walk and held him to 16 points. He got only one field goal the entire second half, and Tom Boerwinkle, Tennessee's 7-footer, had his best game ever. Boerwinkle scored 27 points as the Vols won 67-52 for their 31st straight at home.

Florida got another shot at Tennessee in Gainesville, where many a good team has suffered the miseries of the road (Vanderbilt and Kentucky, for instance), and this time things were different. Walk escaped the Vols' zone to score 38 points, and the Gators took Tennessee 59-46.

The Ohio Valley race had barely begun, but already Western Kentucky was just about out of it. The Hilltoppers lost their third game, to Morehead 88-72, while Murray State, despite a 74-67 loss to East Tennessee, held on to first place by beating Austin Peay 91-82. But there was some solace for Western. It edged Dayton 75-74 in overtime and then beat La Salle 84-79.

Florida State, the South's best independent, cornered Georgia Tech with a zone defense, forcing the Jackets to shoot from outside and, without ailing Guard Phil Wagner, Tech was helpless. Dave Cowens flipped in 21 points, and FSU won easily, 73-57.

THE EAST 1. ST. BONAVENTURE (13-0) 2. COLUMBIA (11-3) 3. ST. JOHN'S (12-3)

"It's like playing Ali, Babe and the Forty Thieves," said St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca. He was referring to St. Joseph's and its celebrated ball stealer, quick-handed little Billy DeAngelis, a guard whose talent for pilfering had accounted for 44 steals in 13 games. But that was before Carnesecca's Redmen beat the Hawks 80-72. St. John's attacked patiently, and DeAngelis, nursing a sore ankle, failed to steal the ball even once. He and the other St. Joe's players were too busy defending as John Warren scored 20 points and sophomore Joe DePre 19 for the disciplined Redmen.

St. Joseph's had better luck with its own shooting game against Boston College. While Mike Hauser, who got 17 rebounds, outmuscled BC's big Terry Driscoll underneath the baskets, Dan Kelly, another little guard, routed the Eagles' zone defense with 29 points, and the Hawks won 76-67.

The hottest Philadelphia team, though, was Villanova. One reason was Johnny Jones, who scored 27 points in his 10th game, demolished Penn 75-45. Another was Coach Jack Kraft's "ball" defense, a slick combination of man-to-man and zone. It stopped Virginia Tech, a run-and-shoot team that came into the Palestra with a six-game winning streak; Jones got 24 more points, and Villanova won its seventh straight, 78-61. Tech Coach Howe Shannon was impressed. "They do as good a job as any team I've ever seen," he marveled. "You think you have a shot and you don't."

Undefeated St. Bonaventure had its hands full before beating old rival Canisius 71-45. The Griff's strategy was to play the Bonnies guards tight to keep them from shooting. It worked. They got only nine shots and made two. But 6' 11" Bob Lanier's 25 points saved the game for St. Bonaventure. St. Peter's, however, lost for the first time, 88-78 to St. Francis of Loretto, Pa. That left LIU the only other unbeaten team in the East. The Blackbirds outscored Philadelphia Textile 76-65 for their 12th win.

Columbia, which earlier had lost to Cornell by 17 points in Ithaca, murdered the Big Red 93-51 in New York. Cornell tried to collapse around 7' Dave Newmark in the middle, a dubious play that left the passing lanes open. So Newmark, when he was not shooting over the smaller Red defenders for 22 points, passed off to Roger Walaszek and Jim McMillan, who scored 43 more between them.

DePaul made the mistake of giving Niagara's Calvin Murphy the outside shot when Rich Sheeley, who was guarding Murphy, got into early foul trouble. It almost cost the Blue Demons the game. Calvin scored 36 points, and DePaul had to go to a late freeze to save a 79-72 victory.

Army, looking like somebody's tournament team—the NIT, probably—rolled over Dartmouth 76-58 for its 11th win, but Navy had troubles. The Maddies lost to Maryland 76-62 before beating Seton Hall 68-58. Rutgers, with Doug Bettelle shooting in 39 points, beat Boston U. 74-68, while Holy Cross smothered Springfield 90-81, and West Virginia, which had whipped Pitt 90-64, outhrew Penn State 88-66.

THE MIDWEST 1. MARQUETTE (12-2) 2. NOTRE DAME (13-3) 3. CINCINNATI (11-3)

Cincinnati seemed to be sitting pretty in the Missouri Valley race when the Bearcats beat Bradley 77-66. But then starter Gordon Smith went to the hospital with a torn Achilles' tendon in his right foot and Jim Ard came down with pneumonia. With Louisville coming up, Coach Ty Baker was worried. He was right, Louisville's zone clamped down hard on Cincy. Westley Unsell scored from underneath, and the Cards



SAILING IN CLOSE, Columbia's Heyward Dotson scores on short pop against Cornell.

got a six-point lead. Then substitute Dean Foster began picking the Louisville zone apart with outside shots, and soon Cincinnati's full-court press began to take its toll. The Cards folded under the pressure, and CinCY scored enough passes to win 82-72 and take over the conference lead. "If CinCY doesn't win the conference, they should be given a saliva test," said Louisville's John Oromo. "I'd just like to have Baker's bench."

Still, there were plenty of challengers, including Louisville. Oake also looked tough. The Bulldogs scored eight straight baskets off fast breaks against Iowa State and defeated the Cyclones 72-67. Wichita State, however, lost to Southern Illinois 81-72. The improving Salukis concentrated on Warren Armstrong, and he scored only four field goals.

With eight minutes to go, Kansas was coasting along with a 58-46 lead over Missouri. Suddenly, Bruce Sloan, Vernon Vanoy, Jo Jo White and Greg Oguilas fouled out, and then Missouri outscored the Jayhawks 11-1. But Rodger Bohnenstiel's foul shot with two seconds to go put Kansas ahead by a point. Then an amazing thing happened. Missouri's desperation pass to Tom Johnson mid-post court and Kansas' Phil Harmon went for the interception. He fouled Johnson instead. Johnson made two free throws, and the Tigers went 67-66. "I'm looking for somebody to shoot me," said Harmon disconsolately. That was not all the bad news for Kansas, either. The Jayhawks also lost to Kansas State 73-56.

About the only thing sure in the Big Ten was that it was anybody's race. Northwestern, after beating Minnesota 77-71 for its third win, had a relapse as East Lansing, Michigan State missed its first 15 shots while Coach John Bennington writhed on the bench. But Heywood Edwards came in to pick up the Spartans, and they went on to win 75-62. Ohio State, meanwhile, destroyed Michigan 103-70. Earlier in the week Wisconsin had beaten Michigan State 70-68 as Joe Franklin poured in 38 points, and Purdue, with Rick Mount scoring 33, battered Indiana 89-60.

Western Michigan's joy ride finally came to an end as the Mid-American Bowling Green put the Broncos in their place (third) with an 83-67 victory. That gave the tall Falcons a tie for first with Toledo, which took Ohio U. 74-66. Miami of Ohio, without two starters and two subs who were suspended by Coach Tate Locke for New Year's Eve indiscretions, beat Xavier 72-65 and Kent State 79-68.

Ogston, slipping badly, lost to DePaul 70-63 but Notre Dame, off to its best start in 84 years, took Butler 82-77 as Bob Whitmore threw in 40 points and Bob Aronson scored 27. Coach Johnny Dee was thrilled.

What he said was, "We're just a bunch of skinny kids who enjoy playing with finesse rather than force."

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (17-0) 2. NEW MEXICO STATE (15-2) 3. TEXAS AT EL PASO (10-3)

There was hardly a sad eye in the house as Houston upset UCLA 71-69 (page 16) before 52,693 in the Astrodome to end the Bruins' 47-game streak. The hometown fans, however, could be forgiven for their lack of sympathy for UCLA. They were too busy extolling all the Cougars, and especially Elvin Hayes, who scored 39 points and made the two winning free throws.

Over in El Paso, 8,301 filled County Coliseum to watch UTEP take on New Mexico State. For them, it was a distressing afternoon. The determined Aggies, with Richard Collins and Sam Lacey gobbling up rebounds, took the boards away from the young Miners and beat them, 76-64. "That's sophomores for you," said Coach Don Haskins sadly. "One week we play like gangbusters and the next week, poof!"

West Texas State, which had won only one game all season, should have been a breeze for Oklahoma City. It looked that way, too, when the Chiefs opened up a 10-point lead. But Sam Hill, who scored 31 points, got the Buffs back in the game and then led them to an 88-85 victory. It was

enough to rouse Coach Abe Lemons. "We're just not makin' any effort," he complained. "We're just standin' around and not playin' basketball anymore."

Southwest Conference teams were busy with final exams, but Texas A&M found time to knock Texas out of a tie for second place. The Aggies, with Billy Arnold scoring 36 points, came from behind to surprise the Longhorns 88-87. Texas Tech put down Arlington 93-83 in overtime.

THE WEST 1. UCLA (13-1) 2. NEW MEXICO (16-0) 3. WYOMING (11-4)

A note for posterity: UCLA, playing without Lew Alexander, beat Portland 93-69 for its 47th straight victory. Then UCLA left for Houston, and all the Pacific Eight action was up north. It hardly posed a threat to the Bruins. Washington State trounced Oregon 85-56, Washington defeated Oregon State 68-56, and then the winners and losers paired off against each other. Washington State beat Washington 75-70 and Oregon State added to Oregon's troubles, winning 60-49.

After Coach Rene Herreras suspended 6' 11" Center Bob Presley "permanently" for disciplinary reasons, California managed to get by Portland 74-61. But Herreras apparently had some second thoughts about Presley. He will be back for Cal's next game.

What's up in Albuquerque? Well, the big topic is unbeaten New Mexico and Coach Bob King's new offensive philosophy. The natives can remember when the team labored tediously around the key and an outside shot was as rare as snow on Central Avenue. The Lobos still like to exploit their cory patterns, but they grow impatient much sooner than they used to, and then the bombs begin to fly. Like last weekend. Guard Ren Nelson, although ailing with the flu and sometimes doubled up with cramps, scored 15 points, mostly from outside, as New Mexico put down Utah 72-66. Two nights later Brigham Young's Sam Watts threw up a 1-2-2 zone that shifted into a 2-3 to protect the baseline, and it took the Lobos a while to adjust. But soon Steve Shropshire's passes began penetrating to Howe Games, who scored six crucial baskets. Nelson (who got 25 points) and Ron Becker popped in shots from the side, and the Cougars fell 84-69. Despite his team's success, King was not yet ready to claim the Western AC title. "Until someone was on the road, nothing's been decided," he said.

Wyoming, meanwhile, took over second place in the WAC. The aggressive Cowboys, with Mike Ibarra, Harry Hall and Carl Ashley scoring heavily, beat Brigham Young 81-70 and Utah 81-72 in Laramie. Coach Bill Strannigan also was leery about the race. "Looks like we might have a five-team tie," he said.

END



GETTING BY Kentucky's Phil Argenio, Alex Howell has long out in Auburn victory

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

EAST OF ROCK

Sirs:

You dirty dogs! Having spent the greater part of November in Tahiti, Moorea and Bora-Bora and, finally, having suppressed my Polynesian-mania to the point where it only hurts when I smile, what am I confronted with but a 16-page spread on paradise in the January 15 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (*Paradise on a Precipice*). In glorious color, no less! And this is not to mention Coles Pimney's great article on Erwin Christian, who graciously showed us the splendors in the lagoon in Bora-Bora.

Now I ask you, is that any way to run a magazine?

CAROLE KIRCHER

Chevy Chase, Md.

Sirs:

Regarding your January 15 issue featuring Bond-Aid bathing suits, don't you feel a sense of responsibility to the moral development of your impressionable young readers? Just what kind of sports are you people illustrating, anyway?

MRS. JOHN J. HERR

Tonawanda, N.Y.

Sirs:

I strongly object to your sending covers like this into my home.

MRS. F. R. FUNK

La Crosse, Wis.

Sirs:

What next? Goren's bridge page with a naked queen of hearts? The Celtics take a shower? C'mon. With six curious offspring about, I wish you'd have more overcast golfers and fewer underdressed girls.

JOYCE ROGERS

Portland, Me.

Sirs:

My steady girl threatens to cancel my SI subscription if there are any more covers like that.

MIKE GRENIER

Lawrence, Mass.

Sirs:

When my sons chide me, a grandfather, for having a girls' magazine in my den and my wife, after seeing me reading the many issues of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, suddenly asks what kind of a new magazine I received that date. I have had it.

When my subscription to your magazine expires, I do not know. But we will both know whenever it is because that is the final issue as far as I am concerned.

JOSEPH NACI JR.

Livonia, Mich.

Sirs:

Stop, stop, you heartless, impious fiend! Every year in the depth of winter and, invariably, during a cold snap when the mercury is approaching 50° below and the pipes are splitting apart and the furnace oil is sludging in the fuel lines, you bring out an issue featuring the latest in swimwear, modeled on some lush Caribbean or South Pacific isle with crystal-clear blue waters lapping at glistening white sand beaches. Here the ice has been on the lake for three months and will remain for another four.

Besides your cruel reminder of better days and elsewhere, I must object on moral grounds to your full-page pictures of tropical estates in swimming suits so small and, or transparent as to be difficult to see. After all, if God had wanted girls to run around nude, they'd have been born that way.

JOEL T. DREWES

Bemide, Minn.

Sirs:

Paradise should be left to literature and the imagination, not coldly assayed by journalists. Nevertheless, the story was quite good; and, oddly enough, it is seemingly misplaced articles like this that make *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* the excellent publication it is.

ELI GOODMAN

Philadelphia

UNCOMMONWEALTH

Sirs:

I wish to set the record straight about your SCORECARD item "Fine-weather Friends" (Jan. 15). You stated that back in October almost every politician supported the building of a new stadium in Boston. This was a false generalization, for only the politicians from the Greater Boston area took such stands. The representatives from central and western Massachusetts were the ones who voted the proposed stadium down. The idea that we should pay for a stadium to be built more than 100 miles from here is absurd. We who will get little use from it should not be forced to bear the burden of its construction. The Boston people want it, and let them have it.

As for Massachusetts' right to have a big league baseball club, take a look at this year's attendance figures and see what state deserves a ball club more than ours. We led the American League in attendance in 1967. Wise up next time and get all the facts before you write such a misleading article.

JAMES C. O'CONNELL

Springfield, Mass.

Sirs:

Your editorial stand on the Boston stadium is well taken. The state legislature has

again failed the sports fan and the business community. To say, however, that Massachusetts does not deserve the joys (and sorrows) of her teams is ridiculous. Boston is major league in sports. Let no one doubt it.

The stadium's failure is a question of priorities. Massachusetts and Boston have crushing problems with which to deal. If anyone thinks Fenway Park is outdated, he ought to see Boston schools, Boston sports facilities are second class; but this state's mental-health facilities are 10th class.

We have things to do in Boston and Massachusetts. The enjoyment we get from our teams makes our jobs easier. But we cannot sacrifice those jobs for the sake of commercialism in sports. We will have our stadium some day. Until then someone must sacrifice.

GEORGE H. WARREN

Cambridge, Mass.

SPORTSMAN (CONT.)

Sirs:

As a subscriber of your magazine for several years now, I must say that I have always agreed with your choice for Sportsman of the Year. And once again I agree with you wholeheartedly. Many times I have also disagreed with letters in the 19TH HOLE, but I have never read a "masterpiece" like James T. Kelly's comment on Carl Yastrzemski in the January 15 issue. If Mr. Kelly had seen even one Red Sox game this year, he would have to say that Carl gave 100% effort to his team, if not more. If he had heard Yastrzemski speak, it would be obvious to him that Yoz has plenty of respect for other ballplayers in the league and realizes that they also are valuable. I don't think that any objective baseball fan could honestly say that Yastrzemski was "out to reap the benefits of personal glory."

PETER BEAR

New York City

HOT STOVE BOWL

Sirs:

With all of the letters in the 19TH HOLE (Jan. 15) on hot-chili cooking and freezing football games, perhaps some enterprising group could schedule a "Chili Bowl" in Green Bay on the coldest day of the year. The shivering fan could sample and judge the chili during the first half of the game, and, at halftime, the losing team would be allowed to partake of the hottest winning concoction! This could be a new medical breakthrough in warding off frostbite. I can see the headlines now: PACKERS RECOVERED BY SOUPED-UP FOUR-ALARM BOE IN CHILI BOWL.

LU MEREDITH

San Diego

The Day the Gipper Went Out to Win One for \$200

Notre Dame myth and Hollywood corn made a football Galahad out of George Gipp, but Galahad had a practical aide by RICK TALLEY

Everybody old enough to remember Pat O'Brien as Knute Rockne knows that the Irish of Notre Dame went out from half time to "win one for the Gipper," i.e., famed Halfback George Gipp, as played by one Ronald Reagan. But would you believe that the Gipper went out to win one for the Irish of Rockford's west side? As a pro?

Well, he did, and the date was November 23, 1919. It marked the end of a sports era in this city at the top of Illinois—and the beginning of a local legend. At the time Gipp was a halfback for Notre Dame with another season of college eligibility remaining ahead of him. But that didn't stop him from playing pro ball under the name Baker and picking up a check for \$100 (which he wagered into \$200).

Seven other Fighting Irish, including the entire Notre Dame backfield and Center Slip Madigan, provided Gipp's supporting cast. They, too, were amply rewarded.

All eight played for a team known sometimes as the Grands, sometimes as the Badgers, that represented Rockford's west side. The Amateur Athletic Club (AAC) represented the city's east side, and the game played that day in 1919 was the second that year in an annual series for Rockford's championship.

The rivalry between the two sides was intense. For years the Irish of the west side had nurtured a smoldering hatred of the Swedes on the east side. In years past they had met in the center of the bridge spanning Rock River and fought out their rivalry with fists and clubs. Now the battles were transferred to the gridiron, but they were no less furious. From the time the "city series" began in 1908, it was not uncommon for the winner of a championship to parade down enemy streets after the game, carrying a mock coffin in solemn procession. At times the parades themselves would result in further battling and flurries of bare-knuckled encounters on street corners.

It wasn't uncommon in the early 1900s for college football players to pick up extra money by hiring out under assumed names on Sundays, and in 1921 when some players from Notre Dame were spotted in a "Sunday game" in southern Illinois they were banned from

any further college athletic competition.

Fortunately, the Gipper and his teammates were not caught. And after their great victory over the Swedes, three of them—Gipp, Quarterback Joe Brandy and End Dave Hayes—returned to spark Notre Dame to a second successive undefeated season in 1920. But that is getting ahead of the story.

By 1919 Rockford's intricacy football feud had reached a stage of climax. In the year's first game on November 16 the Badgers (i.e., the Irish) won 6-0. Coach George Kitteringham scored their winning touchdown before more than 3,500 persons who stood along the sidelines.

Two days later *The Rockford Morning Star* carried a story that suggested some lack of ethics on the part of the losing Swedes in preparation for the series' second game: "The good ship 'Mandy Lee' was never so completely loaded up as the AAC football team in preparation for the second game," said the sports page item. "Stars from Camp Grant have been added to the AAC roster, including Lieutenant Red Barcalow and Lieutenant Wagenknight."

Camp Grant was a large U.S. Army installation located south of Rockford. Barcalow was an ex-Purdue fullback and a fine drop-kicker. Wagenknight was advertised as a smooth, shifty quarterback.

When the Badgers' Player-Coach Kitteringham read the story, he commented: "That's good! The more the merrier."

Later in the week betting odds favored the AAC 5 to 4. Wagering was heavy and Kitteringham made sure the

odds favored his opponents when he checked into a hospital on Friday with a "stomach ailment."

"We still have enough men from last Sunday," Kitteringham stated from his hospital bed. "We do not need any other substitutions to fall back on."

When Sunday arrived, however, the Badgers had fallen back all the way to South Bend, Ind., and their lineup included a young man named Baker who bore a startling resemblance to George Gipp. Kitteringham, who made a remarkable recovery from his illness, was on the sidelines as his new left halfback ran like a demon, threw a 10-yard touchdown pass and drop-kicked a 35-yard field goal to win for the Irish 17-9. The right halfback—man by the name of Smith—scored two touchdowns. There were those who thought he looked a lot like Arthur (Doc) Bergman, who is now the general manager of the Washington, D.C. Stadium. Bergman is one of the few Notre Dame players from that game who is still living. Another is Joe Brandy, the quarterback.

"It was a tough game," recalls Bergman. "As a matter of fact, I broke my leg. But I walked on it until I got back to school Monday. The coach [Knute Rockne] took one look at the swelling and told me to go soak it in a bucket of hot water. Later I talked him into letting me get it X-rayed. Sure enough, it was broken—the tibia, just below the knee."

"Rockne wanted to know how I hurt it. He didn't remember any injury from Saturday's game [when the Irish had battered Purdue 33-13]. I told him I had been hurt against Purdue but didn't realize it at the time. I guess he believed

continued

me because he later helped me get my first coaching job [at New Mexico A&M]."

Brandy recalls how the players were paid.

"Madigan made the arrangement with the Rockford coach [Kitteringham]," he said. "When they offered us \$100 apiece, we said, 'Only if you'll wager it on us to win.' Well, when we got there the first thing we did was check on the wager. The money was down, and when we won we each collected \$200. It was the most money I'd ever had in my life. We never considered losing and going home broke."

"Nobody ever reported us, either. I think Rockne may have found out, but he turned his head the other way. He didn't want to lose Gipp for his senior year, and he'd have lost me, too."

Bergman added: "It was the only game I played under an assumed name, and I think it was the only time for Gipp I'm not so sure Rockne didn't know about it later. I do know Rockne used to play with the Fort Wayne Friars, under an assumed name, when he was a coach."

Brandy says it wasn't hard for the Notre Dame players to make their Rockford encounter.

"I remember how we worked the deal. We all gave Rock excuses about going home for the weekend. Then we met in Indianapolis after the Saturday game at Purdue. Early Sunday morning we caught a train to Chicago, then another one out to Rockford. They met us on the rear steps of the train and hid us out at a hotel. That's where we dressed, in a hotel room. We had to bring our own headgear and shoes, and they gave us jerseys."

"Madigan played center, Hayes played one end and Grover Malone played the other end. I was quarterback, Gipp was at left half, Bergman was right half and Fred [Fritz] Slackford was fullback. We even brought a substitute [George Fitzpatrick, halfback] in case anyone got hurt."

Bergman adds: "They furnished the tackles and guards. We told them, 'Just block straight ahead. Don't pull or you'll murder us.'"

In Rockford Eugene J. Welch, ex-Badger player and official, recalls the day vividly: "I was one of three guys who met the Notre Dame players at the Illinois Central station," he says. "They got in at 11:30 a.m., wearing dark glasses

and getting off the train separately. We hustled them into a bus and took them to the old Nelson Hotel. Funny thing, too. Tony Haines, the AAC coach, was on the same train, coming back from officiating a game in Michigan. He didn't know about the Notre Dame players, of course, and when we saw him we just said 'hi' and tried to act inconspicuous. Then we rounded up our boys and hid them until game time."

Folke Bengtson, later to become Rockford's police chief, recalls playing with the Irish imports.

"I was the regular center, but they put me at right guard because they brought Madigan. To this day I'm not sure who all played for our team. I do know it was a bloody battle."

Losing Coach Haines, a Yale University football standout in 1908 and a Big Ten official for 34 years, adds:

"I knew what we were up against when they ran onto the field. I had worked Notre Dame games. I recognized Gipp. Our referee that day, Fred Gardner of Rochelle, Ill., had worked the Notre Dame-Purdue game the day before. He knew what was happening, but he never told on the Notre Dame boys. Neither did I. No one was ever barred."

Rockford newspapers didn't blow any whistles on the Notre Dame players, either. The next day's *Reverberator-Gazette*, however, did carry a black-type editorial on the sports page that said:

"Local football fandom has been wandering through a maze of speculation covering the identity of the Grand football players who put over the victory on the AAC. It was no ordinary bunch of gridiron talent that had been imported for the fray. That much was evident after the smooth-working backfield had been in operation for two plays. The backs played too well together not to have been in operation all season, and they maintained this pace through all four quarters, showing some of the finest football that has been seen on the local field in many a day."

"Claims are made by the AAC camp that the Grands for the greatest part were made up of university regulars who are disputing the championship of the Middle West with Illinois. The only wonder is that the score against the AAC was not of greater proportions. As far as settling city honors the scrap certainly did nothing of the kind . . . for not over 50 percent of the

talent engaged were Rockford products."

The east-side Swedes, who lost more than money on the contest, understandably felt they had been bilked. "This was just a gambling proposition," recalls J. A. Lemquist, who played with the AAC. "It hurt us to lose. There was a lot of bad feeling after that. You'd think, though, that the great Notre Dame team could have beaten us worse than 17-9."

Coach Haines agrees: "Actually, if one of our ends hadn't missed a signal on a pass play, we could have beaten them. It was a helluva game."

Apparently, the Notre Dame players were hampered by some questionable officiating. They were penalized 110 yards, and *The Rockford Morning Star* game story commented:

"To the credit of the Grands it must be said they did not deserve the penalties inflicted upon them, most of them being called by Referee Osborne, whose work in the second game was even poorer than the first."

Winning Coach Kitteringham's post-game comment:

"There was no understanding or agreement that I was to use one Rockford player or 11 Rockford players. Football is football, and I know the fans wanted to see good football. When the report got out that the AAC was loading up, we rushed to our reinforcements."

The "reinforcement" players climaxed their unbeaten, untied season (9-0-0) after leaving Rockford by beating Morrisville College in Iowa 14-6 with two feet of snow on the field on Thanksgiving morning.

Bergman, with a broken leg, missed the final game. For Gipp, Madigan, Slackford, Brandy, Hayes, Malone and Fitzpatrick, it was the third game without six days.

As for the intracity series, it failed to survive the bitterness of that game. A year later the Rockford Amateur Athletic Club was founded, using players from both the Irish and the Swedish parts of town. This team represented the whole city of Rockford in games against other localities and the old Badger-AAC rivalry, though far from forgotten, was never again actively fought out.

"That's the sad part about that game," says Enfred Erickson, who was captain of the Swedes the day Gipp beat them. "It killed that type of football in Rockford."

END



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